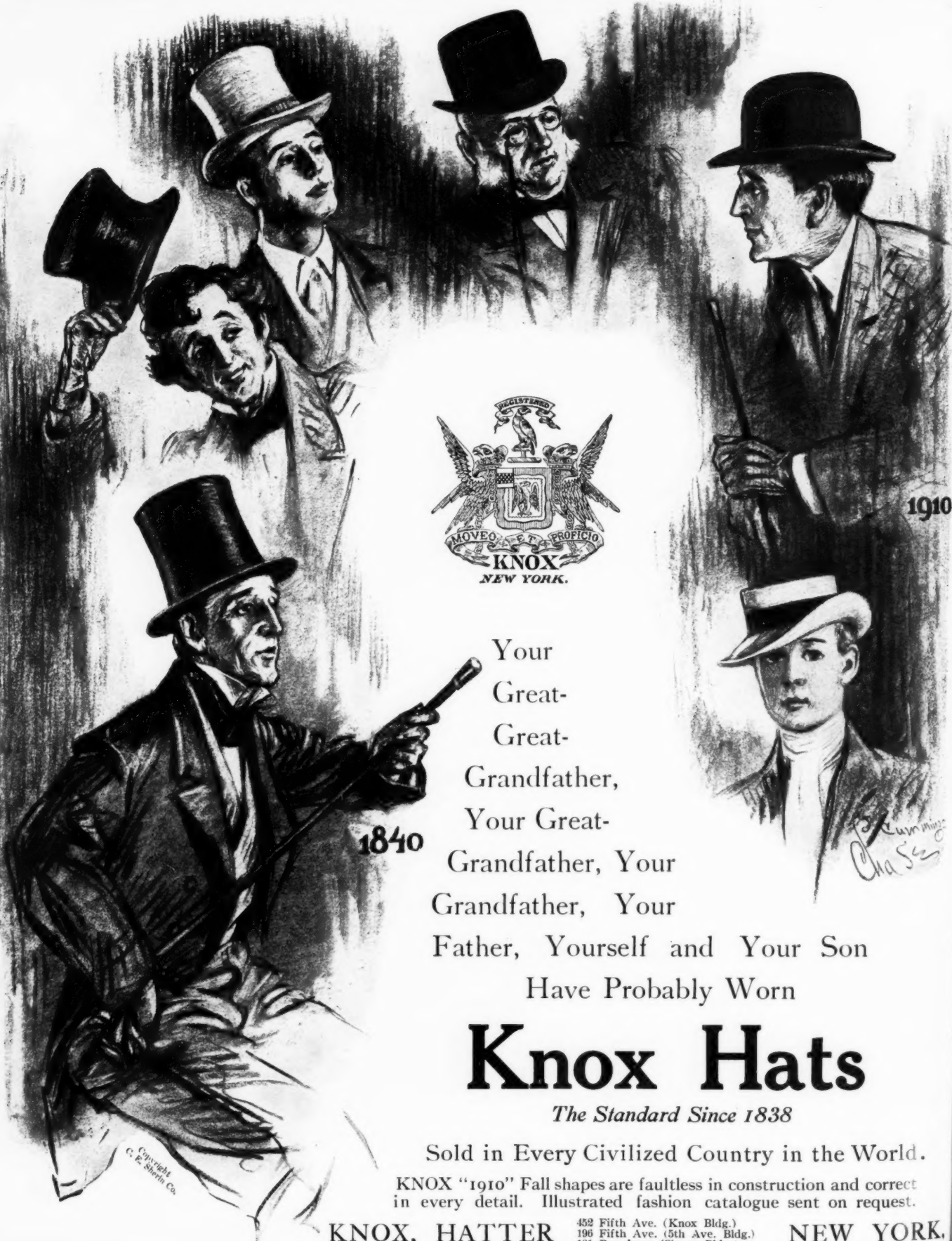




HELD BY THE ENEMY

Power O'Malley '09



1840

1910

Copyright
C. E. Smith Co.

KNOX
NEW YORK.

Your
Great-
Great-
Grandfather,
Your Great-
Grandfather, Your
Grandfather, Your
Father, Yourself and Your Son
Have Probably Worn

Knox Hats

The Standard Since 1838

Sold in Every Civilized Country in the World.

KNOX "1910" Fall shapes are faultless in construction and correct
in every detail. Illustrated fashion catalogue sent on request.

KNOX, HATTER

452 Fifth Ave. (Knox Bldg.)
196 Fifth Ave. (5th Ave. Bldg.)
161 Broadway (Singer Bldg.)

NEW YORK.

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Reduce Your Flesh

without drugs or dieting
by wearing

Dissolvane Rubber Garments
POSITIVE RESULTS OBTAINED

Worn with Comfort by Men and Women

Write for Booklet "L"

DISSOLVENE MFG. COMPANY,
18 W. 34th St., New York, Tel. No. 3594 Murray Hill
(Astor-Cornet Building) Adjoining Waldorf-Astoria.
Rubber Face Masks remove Tan, Freckles and all im-
purities of the Skin. Price \$5.00 prepaid.



The Literary Zoo.

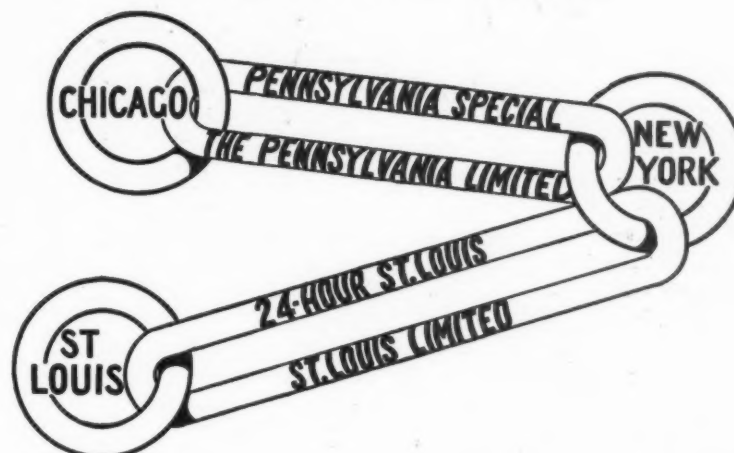
In the California Climate

A critic of California calls attention to the slow development of the Pacific Coast. Its nine States, he notes—for all their area, opportunity and natural wealth—had, at the last census, an aggregate population smaller than Ohio's and only about one-half that of New York.

By way of answer, it is possible that California would point to the quality of its population—including, of course, its authors. There is Charles F. Lummis, for instance, one of the most unique citizens of our continent, who settled down at Loce Ang-El-Ess some years ago, and has lately taken precautions that his name shall last as long as the stones of the Southwest Museum. Mr. Lummis celebrated his last birthday by conveying to the museum, in perpetual trust for the public and his own posterity, his remarkable library and collections, accumulated during twenty-five years of exploration and travel on the frontiers of New Mexico, Arizona, Mexico, Ecuador and Peru. The library alone—a treasure house of Spanish Americana—contains over five thousand items; the collection of weapons includes the gold-inlaid arquebas of Juan De Soto, the eight-

Pennsylvania Railroad

CONNECTING LINKS



Four Famous Fast Trains

The "Pennsylvania Special"—the 18-hour train—leaves New York 3.55 P. M. to-day and arrives Chicago 8.55 A. M. to-morrow; leaves Chicago 2.45 P. M., arrives New York 9.45 A. M.

"The Pennsylvania Limited"—the world's standard passenger train—leaves New York 10.55 A. M. to-day and arrives Chicago 8.45 A. M. to-morrow; leaves Chicago 5.30 P. M., arrives New York 5.30 P. M.

"The 24-Hour St. Louis"—which inaugurated quick service to the southwest—leaves New York 6.25 P. M. to-day and arrives St. Louis 5.25 P. M. to-morrow; the "24-Hour New Yorker" leaves St. Louis 6.00 P. M., arrives New York 7.00 P. M.

The "St. Louis Limited"—the twin train of the Pennsylvania Limited—leaves New York 10.55 A. M. to-day and arrives St. Louis 1.25 P. M. to-morrow; the "New York Limited" leaves St. Louis 1.02 P. M., arrives New York 5.30 P. M.

SMOOTH ROCK-BALLASTED FOUR-TRACK SHORT LINE STANDARD RAILROAD OF AMERICA

The Best Bitter Liqueur

Underberg

The World's Best Bitters

The quickest, most wholesome and beneficial of stimulants. Use it for health's sake. Look for the name **UNDERBERG**

Sold Everywhere.

LUYTIES BROTHERS
U. S. Agents. New York.

times great-grandson of Hernando De Soto.

It is an original gift by an original man. Some twenty years ago Mr. Lummis was a paralytic, a pauper, a target for the bullets of assassins. He recovered his health, he made money, he wrote many books. As an historian of the great Southwest no one has written more entertainingly. And now all the priceless objects he has gathered are put beyond the possibility of dispersal. A linguist, a trained photographer, a skilled workman, Mr. Lummis is a house-builder, too. Fifteen years ago, among the syc-

mores of the Arroyo Seco, he laid the corner-stone of a rock house meant to endure. For fifteen years he has labored on this house with his own hands. And this, too, is to be his monument: a subsidiary museum for the housing (in three rooms) of the Lummis library and collections; a home also, with productive, untaxed land, to be held in trust forever for his descendants by the Southwest Museum.

"Your children," wrote Edward Bellamy, in a passage preserved by the anthologies, "may live to be the servants
(Continued on page 421)

A NEW MENTAL RÉGIME

LIFE'S WOULD-BE MENTAL SUBSCRIBERS ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED PHYSICALLY

We have an important announcement to make. This announcement has, of course, already gone out generally through our regular thought bureau (Gee. Ime. Mit., Manager), but we think it best to give it coarse physical expression. And for this reason:

A great many of our purely physical materialistic readers are about to lead the mental life, only they don't know it. We are educating them up to it in this purely somatic page. Others have taken the step, and are now toddling around in the mental world, not quite sure of themselves. For this reason we print this page. It gives only a faint idea of the real world beyond. (If you think, for example, that LIFE'S covers are handsome every week, as you see them somatically, you can have but a faint idea of the imaginary covers that come out on every issue of the mental LIFE. They are cosmic in intensity, and deal in vibrations so uplifting as to be beyond the power of mere words to describe.) In other words, we take you step by step from the materialistic conception of things gradually up to the higher mental life, and this page is only one of the mile-stones. Make an effort, as you read these words, to throw yourself out mentally, and you will get a few faint vibrations, constantly increasing in force as you gather power. (Try this five minutes each day.)

But to get back to our announcement—an announcement that has stirred the whole imaginary world to its heights and depths. It is simply this:

Our waiting list began to grow so rapidly that we are absolutely forced to ask a premium. That is to say, if you are not already enrolled among the fifteen million mental LIFE subscribers, then you must, if you want to subscribe, have your name placed on the waiting list; but in order to have even this done you must now pay five imaginary dollars, the regular subscription being ten.

Now we beg that none of our friends will think us mercenary. Those who know us, and understand our real motives, and how we have at heart only the very best grades of high moral uplift for everybody, will understand at once that we would scorn to take advantage of any one.

No, no! We are not charging this merely nominal premium because at present we need or desire the mental capital, but simply for our own protection.

To be candid, we don't want too large a list. We have all the circulation we want, and now it is simply a process of wise selection. The five imaginary dollars that you pay, so that you can be placed on the waiting

list and in time become a regular subscriber, are only a guarantee on your part of good faith. We shall, of course, put this mental money into our reserve, and use it when necessary to keep up the standard of the mental LIFE.

There may come a thought panic at any moment. We have known such things to happen. When there is great poverty of thought, as, for instance, seems likely to happen during the coming election, we must be prepared.

It must also be remembered that in paying this premium to be placed on our waiting list the amount will be credited to you on your subscription. It only means that you pay five dollars about a quarter of a century in advance. That is to say, Gee. Ime. Mit., our manager, estimates that those who are now being placed on our waiting list will become regular subscribers in about 1936. We don't guarantee this, we merely offer it as a basis of hopes. You may have to wait longer, as we find that the effect of taking the mental LIFE every week keeps people alive much longer than before and there are consequently fewer vacancies among subscribers.

Protests are naturally coming in from all over the world, from those who have delayed in getting in their subscription, and are not on the waiting list. In the interests of the great majority we must, however, adhere to our rule.

We have just received the following from a prominent advertiser, who thought he could get along without advertising in the imaginary LIFE this year:

Gee. Ime. Mit.

Dear Sir:—
Does your rule about would-be subscribers apply to would-be advertisers also? Please reply physically, as I am sitting in an office surrounded by advertising artists, and find it hard to understand imaginary talk.

Yours,

B——W——.

In reply we beg to inform our friend that it does. Hereafter every advertiser who has not hitherto been on our list, but thinks he wants to advertise, will have to pay a premium for the thought. Later on, when he comes in, we will credit his account with the advance.

Don't think you want to come into LIFE, therefore, unless you are prepared to pay the price. We are doing this from purely philanthropic motives.

The line must be drawn somewhere.

Address,

GEE. IME. MIT.,

Anywhere.

(He will get it.)



FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 419)

of your servants." What human foresight can foretell it? Mr. Lummis, in his own fashion, has answered that question; yet some persons insist that he is erratic.

Meanwhile there are only twenty-two hundred tons of masonry in that house, with eighteen hundred tons still to be put in place. A sizable job for one man, eh? But remember that Charles F. Lummis is only fifty-one. Remember, too, the California climate. *Manana flor de sus avers.* To-morrow shall be the flower of all its yesterdays. An excellent motto. *Carpe diem*, said the Romans—Do it now. Yet Rome was not built in a day. *Manana*, say the Mexicans, who mean well. Indeed, we had come to consider *manana* as a sort of Southwest synonym for February 30. Behold it rehabilitated by the Yankee Lummis—born, as it happens, very early on March 1. Thus *manana*, safely delivered from the womb of time, really means to-morrow, and not the year after next. So *poco tiempo*—meaning no longer pretty soon, but right away—Mr. Lummis will seize his pen in order to supply his trowel:

Item.—A singing English verse translation, from phonographic records, of old California and Spanish-American songs, harmonized by Farwell and retaining the Spanish words as far as possible.

Item.—A cow-puncher's Pegasus, or a round-up of verse, some of which appeared in LIFE many years ago.

Item.—A critical translation of Villagran's heroic poem, in thirty-two cantos, on the conquest of New Mexico in 1598.

Item.—The story of a magical bronco buster who lived 300 years ago, and is not yet forgotten.

Item.—Certain revisions, reprintings and elaborations of the romance of pioneer transportation, the story of "My Friend Will," the "Right Hand of the Continent," some "Pueblo Indian Folk Stories," etc.

Item.—The definitive edition of Benavides, an able gentleman who was doing things in New Mexico long before the Pilgrims sighted Plymouth Rock. Benavides wrote a wonderful history of New Mexico, but he had no press agent, and was not known east of the Ohio until 1910, when the Century Company admitted him to its Dictionary of Names, along with Mr. Lummis himself.

W. L. DOUGLAS
HAND-SEWED
PROCESS SHOES

MEN'S \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 & \$5.00
WOMEN'S \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4.00
BOYS' \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00

THE STANDARD
FOR 30 YEARS

They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are certainly the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom—value guaranteed. *Fast Color Eyelets.* TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE! If your dealer cannot supply you, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. DOUGLAS, 155 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.



The smartest styles for Fall wear, both in soft and stiff hats, are to be found in

Hawes. von Gal
HATS

If it is a question of quality—of value for the money—then a Hawes, von Gal Hat is the logical purchase. If style, appearance, fit, workmanship and finish count with you—then your new hat will surely be a Hawes, von Gal. And remember, every hat is fully guaranteed.

Prices, \$3, \$4 and \$5

We are **Hawes** Celebrated
Makers of the \$3.00 Hat

If not at your dealer's, write for our new Fall and Winter Style Book "T." We will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of expressage.

Hawes. von Gal
INCORPORATED

1178 Broadway, New York

Factories:
DANBURY, Connecticut

Wholesale Offices:
Chicago Boston

So, you see, after all, it will be a house built with books—a hundred tomes, let us say, to every ton of masonry. When Mr. Lummis is not otherwise engaged he is riding eight horses bareback—in relays, to be sure. Sometimes the musicians gather, and guitars give forth the beautiful old Spanish songs. Sometimes he gets down to the San Pedro harbor, among the fishermen, and throws out a hand-line off the back porch while dictating. Each hand-line is fastened over the notch-stick set on an old bed-spring, and at the bottom of the stick is

a cow-bell. And when the fish of San Pedro harbor come to call by way of the back porch, they really do ring that bell.
W. T. L.

HARTSHORN
SHADE
ROLLERS
Original and unequalled.
Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine.
Stewart Hartshorn

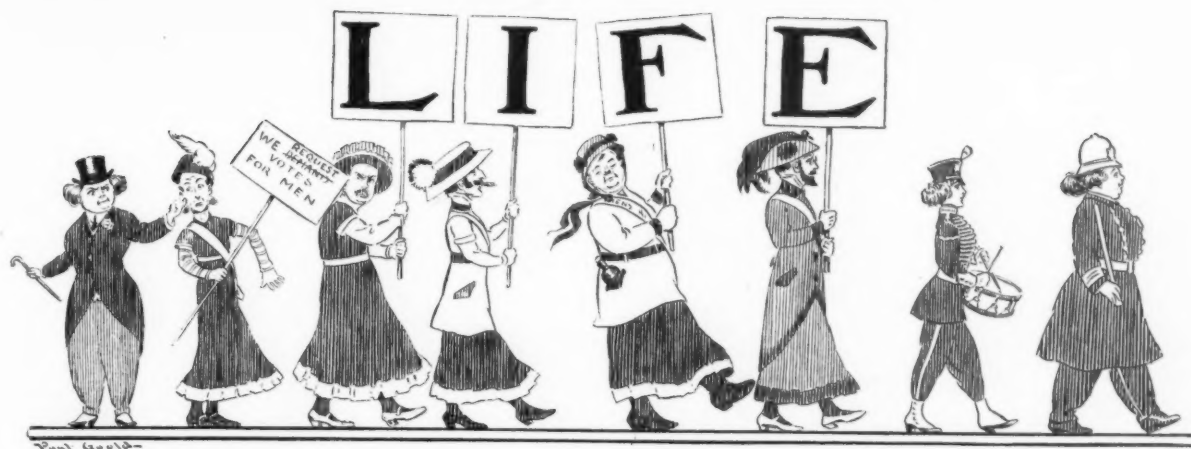
PALL MALL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES



A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here

Aristocrats
of select
Ancestry



The Reno Version

"**L**OVE me little, love me long":
This was once a favorite song.
But this version now we see:
"Love me briefly or you'll be
Very wearisome to me."

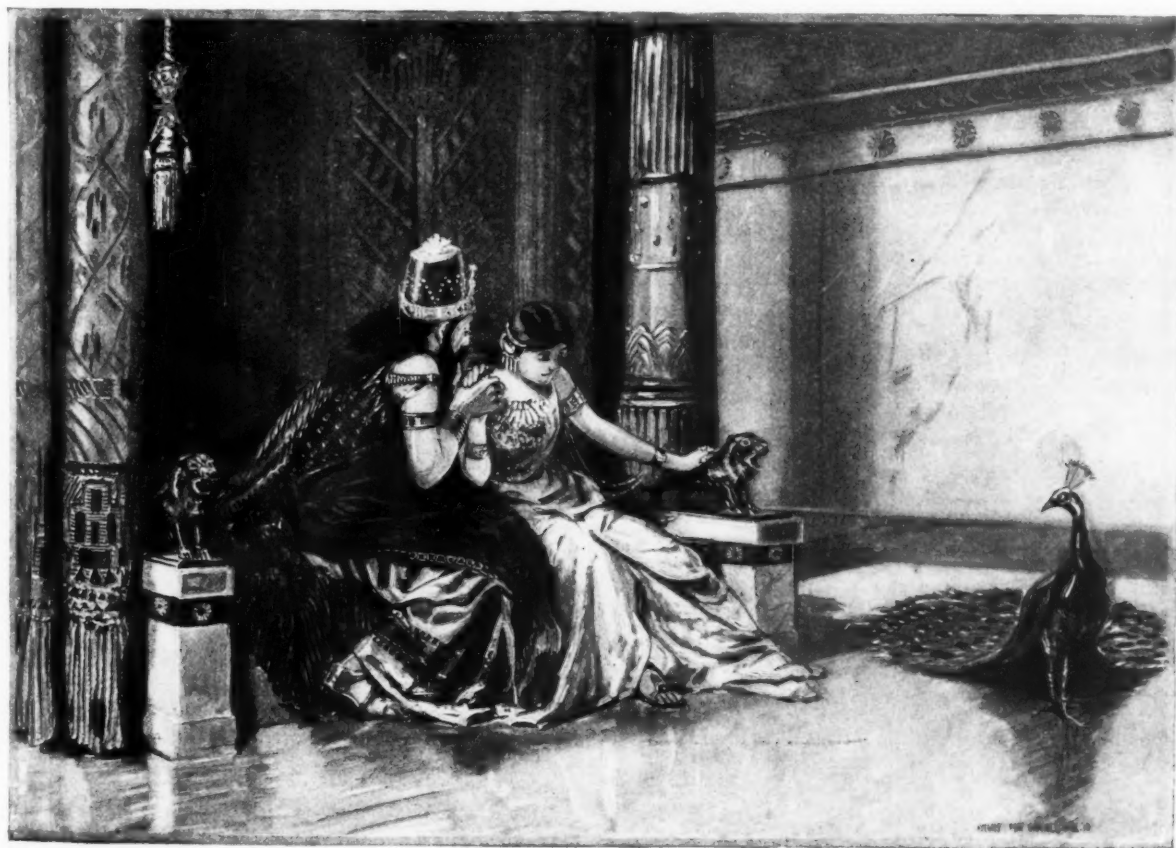
"**W**AS Wilkins' theatrical show a success?"

"No; he demanded too much of his audiences."

"Money or intelligence?"

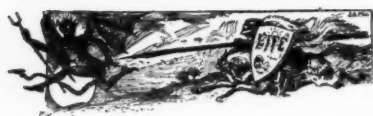
GILLET: I want to get a pamphlet called "How To Be Happy, Though Married."

BOOK SELLER: We're out of that, but this one, "Get Rich Quickly," is considered just as instructive.



His Ninety-ninth: ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU LOVE ME?

King Solomon: MY DEAR CHILD, DON'T YOU SUPPOSE I KNOW LOVE WHEN I FEEL IT?



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. SEPTEMBER 15, 1910 No. 1455

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.

"I will make the corporations come to time and I will make the mob come to time whenever I have the power. . . . I shall insist upon honesty if it breaks up the best business in the land, and I shall insist upon order under all circumstances."



SO the Colonel at Cleveland on his way west. Fine sentiments, but just a little peremptory for an associate editor. Now, if he were a full editor, of course it would be different, for a full editor is quite at liberty to do anything that he can do, whereas an associate editor has to have some regard for the prejudices of his boss. No associate editor who insists upon being the whole thing can expect to hold his job. But, after all, "whenever I have the power" is a considerable reservation. Most of the neighbors hereabouts interpret it to mean "when I am President again," but we guess not. We guess it was just an eruption of the Colonel's feelings.

The neighbors hereabouts have been a good deal disgruntled at the energy of the Colonel's language. But what went those mid-Westerners and Westerners and far-Westerners forth for to see? A reed shaken by the wind? Scarcely! A rat shaken by a terrier would be more like it. They turned out to see the Colonel do some shaking, and he has tried conscientiously and very successfully to give them a satisfactory show.

Not all the time was he shaking rats. He made plenty of good speeches, and said many important things and many that were edifying. In forecasting the part he would play

when he got back to active life at home, we suggested several months ago that his job might be to figure as political umpire. He has umpired a good deal on this western trip.



IT is a mean person who grudges any one any satisfaction that can be derived from lambasting the Colonel or putting any construction that suits him on anything that it suits the Colonel to say or do. And yet it seems as if some of the neighbors were taking him harder than need be. There is usually in times of trial a choice whether to laugh or to swear. Our good friends hereabout swear a great deal. The *Sun* makes wonderful complaints and gets up ingenious charges of treachery and deep laid plots that nobody else could work out without a dream book. Of course the *World* snorts daily at the man who tried to get its editor in jail, and the Hearst papers, too, and the faithful *Republican*, of Springfield, talks about "treachery to his friend" and "worst arts of a demagogue," and the *Providence Journal* says "his language is that of a dictator," and so many, many others. More power to the elbows of all these good friends. We find in their remarks many passages with which we disagree, but none that we feel constrained to resent. If we were going to resent anything it might be a line in the *Evening Post*, when, at the end of a column of specific accusations of political dishonor, it observes: "It is no pleasant duty to say these things of Mr. Roosevelt."

Oh, come, neighbor; when did it begin to hurt? You have been at it pretty steadily now for at least eight years, and, really, you are quite good at it, for the Colonel stopped in his glorious tracks to express and telegraph back his hearty dissent from everything you said about him.

One of the complaints made at this writing about the Colonel's speeches is that he has not endorsed Mr. Taft's administration. If he had endorsed it, the complaint would be that the Colonel was patronizing the President. All the same, the Colonel's

return and his speech-making journey have helped the President a good bit. It will be recalled how much solace there was in the tumultuous closing days of President Roosevelt's administration, in the thought that a tranquil man was about to occupy the White House. That solace wore a little thin during the Colonel's absence, but since he came back, and especially since he began to let loose his mind, it has struck in again with renewed strength. People are again impressed with the advantages of having agitation and administration in separate hands. Government goes better so.

President Taft's letter explaining why Republicans ought to vote for Republican Congressmen and other Republican candidates this fall is a good letter and has been respectfully received. How persuasive it will turn out to be is uncertain, but at least it is likely to make as many Republican votes as the Colonel makes on his western journey. Mr. Taft has now the earnest support of the Hearst papers and the *Sun*. It will be recalled that when Mr. Taft was nominated the Colonel was credited with declaring: "They can take him, or they'll get me." He should not have said it, but, having done it once—if, indeed, he did do it—he is doubtless capable of doing it again. We have not seen it suggested that if the Colonel favored President Taft's renomination—as probably he does—he could not further it better than by going about telling folks what he would do if he had the power.



THE newspapers and all the newspaper-writers have special reason to lament the death of Prof. William James. He was a great diffuser of ideas. When he wrote a magazine article it was always full of knowledge and matured thought, so that any one who read it brought something away to talk about and write about. A fine man was Dr. James, a notable seeker after truth, open-minded, tolerant, an excellent writer, one of the most interesting and valuable men of his generation.



"EXORBITANT, I CALL IT. IF I HADN'T READ IT ON THE SIGN, 'SPECIAL LOW RATES FOR LARGE PARTIES,' I WOULDN'T HA' COME OVER IN YOUR OLD BOAT AT ALL."

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$6,946.86
Dick and John.....	10.00
Balance of the proceeds of a vaudeville entertainment at Norfolk, Conn.....	17.37
Barbara Prosser.....	5.00
M. E. E.....	5.00
Proceeds of candy and ice cream sale given by Temple Smith and Virginia Gohn.....	5.00
In memory of Marion.....	10.00
Estelle Neville, Margaret Neville, Wilder Neville, Cardwell Neville, Maywicks Pattison and Margaret Corn	5.00
	<u>\$7,004.23</u>

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Two boxes of oranges from the National Orange Company, Riverside, Cal.
A basket of vegetables from Mrs. Knox, Ridgefield, Conn.

A Magazine Recipe

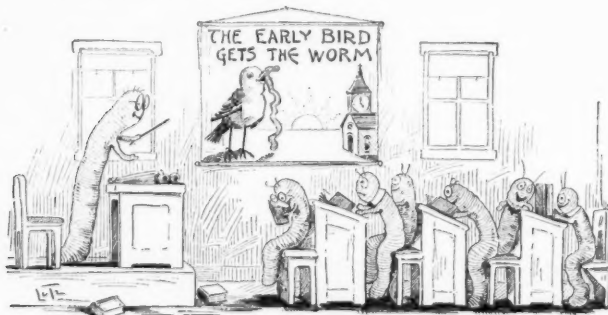
FOR making a popular magazine, the following recipe is very popular among the editorial cooks in the United States:

Take one soft shelled muck-raking article, chop into small paragraphs, season with italics, exclamation points and editorial notes and stir with one strong human interest article garnished with photographs. Mix in, stirring thoroughly, five or six love stories, until they come to a light foam. Pour in next the yolk of one outdoor article, beating until stiff. Put in then three or four chapters of a serial with a little relish of high life. Add one Western story and thicken with vignettes. Add a double handful of buttered announcements of what's coming next month, mix in a pinch or two of verse, season with a cupful of anecdotes, smother with advertisements and serve in a cover casserole of four colors, hot.

The Honorable Way

"WILL ye loan me yer bike, Jimmie?"

"I dassent loan it to ye, 'cos it ain't mine, but I guess maybe it'd be all right to rent it to ye."



Teacher: NOW REMEMBER, DEAR CHILDREN, THE LESSON FOR TO-DAY—THE DISOBEDIENT WORM THAT WOULD PERSIST IN GETTING UP TOO EARLY IN THE MORNING.



MAN'S RIGHTS

SUBURBAN

This Sounds Clever, But is It?

"AND so you will not believe anything you cannot see?" inquires the other man, gleefully. "Well, you think you have brains in your head, don't you?"

"Yes."

"But you can't see them, can you? What makes you think you have them, then?"

"Why, I think I have brains because we think with brains, and if I didn't have brains, how could I think? If the brains aren't there to think with, I can't think I have them, can I?"

TAKE care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of your heirs.

Oyster Bay

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

BY the Mighty's old pagoda, sittin'
somewhere near the sea,
There's a mighty thinker thinkin', an' I
know he thinks o' me;
For there's hot air in the headlines, and
some one seems to say:
"Come you out, you little statesmen;
come you out to Oyster Bay!"

*Come you out to Oyster Bay,
Where the politicians pray:
Can't you 'ear their 'carts a thumpin'
from*

*The Bridge to Oyster Bay?
On the road to Oyster Bay,
'Untin' 'armony they say;
And the dawn comes up like thunder;
such a
Noise at Oyster Bay!*

I'm sick o' nuttin' doin' and o' walkin'
pavin' stones,
An' the blasted air o' Broadway feeds
the fever in my bones;
Though I talks with mollycoddles;
though I talks to beat the band;
An' they talks a lot o' politics, wot do
they understand?

*Just an Ananias Band—
Law! Wot do they understand?
I've a keener, cleaner leader in that dear
old happy land!
On the road to Oyster Bay—*

Ship me somewhere east o' Broadway,
where the best is like the worst,
Where there's politicians plenty you can
raise and quench a thirst;
But the mighty Colonel's callin', and it's
"next" that I would be—
By his mighty old pagoda, lookin' lazy
at the sea—

*On the road to Oyster Bay,
Where the politicians pray;
Some who see the mighty master*

*Often "pray the other way!"
On the road to Oyster Bay
From dawn to dawn o' day
His voice comes up like thunder; that 's
the
Pride of Oyster Bay.*

Robert Wallace.

YOU cannot make a straight states-
man out of a crooked politician.

Life's Infallible Fortune Teller

If you were born on



Your future wife
will be an enthusi-
astic member of the
W. C. T. U. Ac-
cording to her,
everything you en-
joy will be wicked.

Sept.
15

Your future husband *He*
will be a fashionable
portrait painter and
your jealousy will
drive away many of
his customers.



If you were born on



Your future wife
will be short and
stout and wear high
heels, but expert in
the architecture of
buckwheat cakes.

Sept.
16

Your future husband *He*
will crochet beauti-
fully and you will
be the head of the
household.



If you were born on



Your future wife
will think she is a
decorator and will
carry out her ideas
on her own face.
You will seldom
kiss her.

Sept.
17

Your future husband *He*
will be an inveterate
punster and his ac-
quaintances will
want him confined
in an institution for
the feeble-minded.



If you were born on



Your future wife
will be a prominent
clubwoman and you
will develop into an
excellent house-
keeper.

Sept.
18

Your future husband *He*
will be a divorce
lawyer with a large
practice and you
will find him a most
entertaining dinner
companion.



If you were born on



Your future wife
will be won after a
long courtship. You
will be sorry it
didn't last forever.

Sept.
19

Your future husband *He*
will be fond of play-
ing poker without
knowing the game.
Once in a long while
you will live high.



If you were born on



Your future wife
will have a sunny
disposition and a
passion for big hats.
You will become a
bankrupt in the
fifth year of your
married life.

Sept.
20

Your future husband *He*
will be musical and
flirtatious, but kind
to your mother.



If you were born on

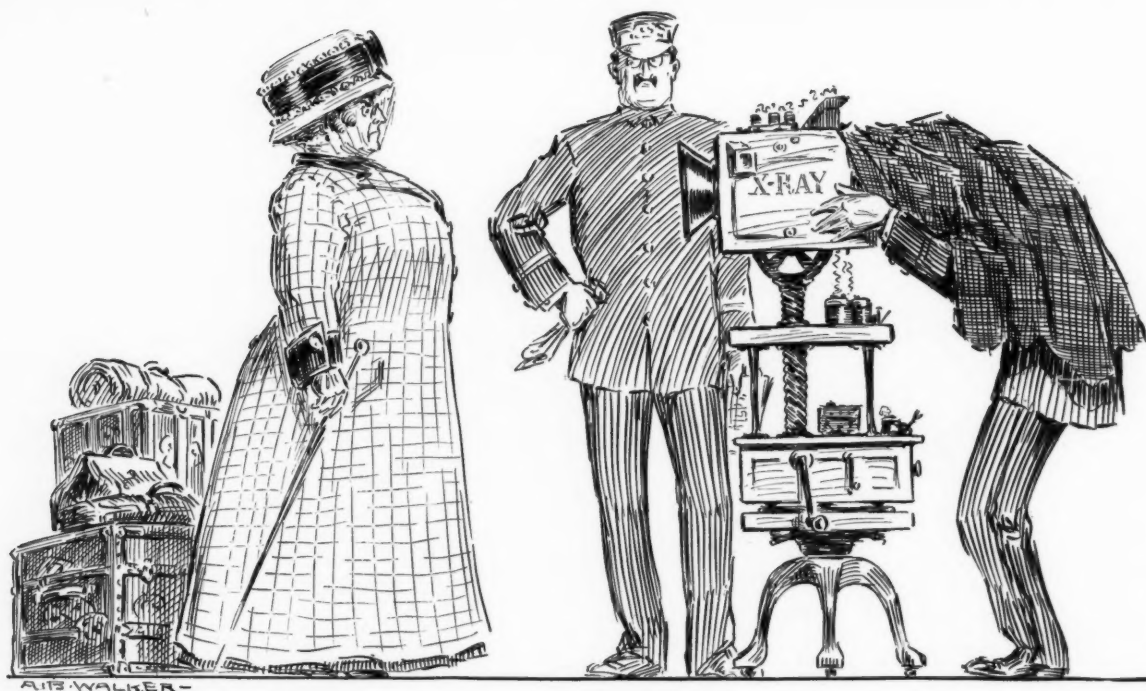


Your future wife
will be fond of cats
and in self-defence
you will become a
manufacturer of
violin strings.

Sept.
21

Your future husband *He*
will be fond of rid-
ing but not much
of a horseman. You
should take a course
in first aid and
trained nursing.





THE NEW METHOD

THE UNITED STATES CUSTOMS OFFICIALS ARE ABOUT TO INSTALL AN X-RAY MACHINE TO BE USED ON PERSONS WHOSE APPEARANCE SUGGESTS SMUGGLING

Men's Rights

A CLEARER idea of what is meant by the expression "Men's Rights," can be obtained by thinking of its synonym, which is the algebraic term, "a minus quantity." However, it was not always thus. Once men were the lords of creation and were looked up to by the female sex—the term gentler sex is purposely avoided, as it is no longer applicable since the arrival of militant suffragettes.

Since the dawn of the "new woman" man's rights have steadily diminished, until to-day about the only right he retains is the right to pay the bills. This right is never disputed, and its weight is made much greater by a high tariff Congress and a high price country.

True, man still has the right to propose, but that availeth very little, since woman still disposes. Anyway, when a woman makes up her mind to marry a man, even against his will, he might as well come in and surrender his rights first as last, for it is only a matter of time.

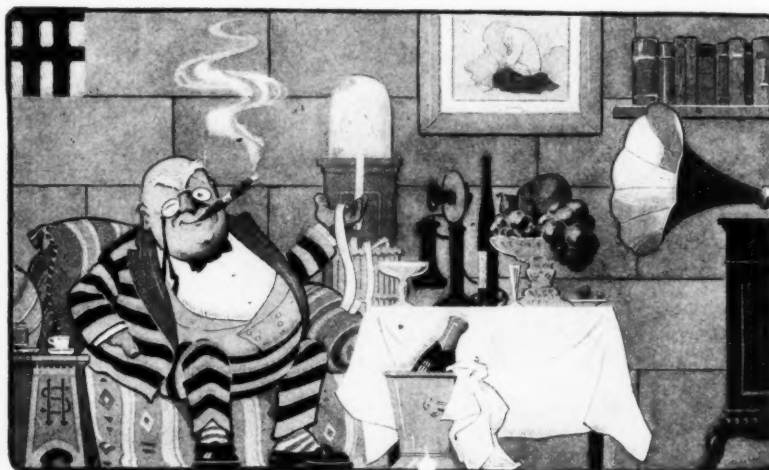
By many persons, especially many men, the low estate into which men's rights have fallen is not considered right, be-

ing regarded as contrary to that provision of the Constitution which entitles even a mere man to liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

In order to rehabilitate the sex and restore man to his God-given rights it might be well to form an Equal Rights

Society, or a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Men.

And if the suffragettes really yearn to relieve suffering and aid the oppressed, this would give them a live issue, one on which they could enlist the support of all men everywhere.



"STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE."

A New Member of Life's Staff

ALWAYS keen to serve its readers and always abreast of the times, LIFE takes pleasure in making an announcement which it is sure will be found of interest.



MISS PRISCILLA JAWBONES

Of late quite a number of persons in America, including a few men and some women, have become vociferous

Abstractions

ABSTRACTIONS are the salvation of our country and its institutions.

While employers' associations are in a continual quarrel with labor unions, abstract capital still maintains its love for abstract labor.

Although concrete divorces go on increasing at an alarming rate, none the less does the abstract home remain the irresistible cornerstone of our abstract morality.

Even if graft seems to insinuate itself into every department of our public affairs, there is no lack of abstract patriots standing firmly for abstract honesty.

In spite of the fact that the trust idea seems to be flourishing, abstract economists do not abate their staunch and sturdy advocacy of abstract competition.

Notwithstanding the fact that our representatives spend all their waking hours in building their own fences, nevertheless they do not fail abstractly to represent an abstract public opinion.

Ellis O. Jones.

in demanding equal suffrage for both sexes. The agitation has become so noisy, and in a way amusing, that in its capacity as a humorous journal LIFE feels bound to take cognizance of it. It matters not what the motives of the promoters of the agitation, whether they are inspired with the idea that women suffer from not being able to vote or whether they are simply seeking notoriety in the public prints or otherwise, the subject should receive some attention at the hands of a journal of LIFE's character.

For these reasons we have secured the services of Miss Priscilla Jawbones, whose portrait appears herewith, and hereafter, when she is not engaged in street demonstrations or in making herself conspicuous in other ways to add dignity and conviction to her cause, Miss Jawbones will act as Suffragette Editor of LIFE. Her duties have not yet been defined, but she will be prepared to act, write and talk, especially talk, in any emergency which may arise.

Miss Jawbones has passed through Vassar, Wellesley and Smith colleges. She is a practical pragmatist, a theoretical Socialist, but as yet has not become a connubialist. This last condition is not her fault, but is due to circumstances over which she has had no control. She anticipates a change in this respect when women have votes and can secure legislation which shall place all women on an equal matrimonial footing.

Our new and charming associate is best known in literature through her fascinating brochure, entitled "Tyrant Man as a Primary Cause of the Old Maid. The Crime of the Century." This celebrated work, after appearing serially in *The Police Gazette*, sold in enormous editions. It was placed in the Index Expurgatorious, and was black-listed by the Russian censor.

In securing the services of Miss Jawbones LIFE feels that it has displayed an amount of enterprise far exceeding that of an esteemed contemporary who engaged an ex-President as its contributing editor. There may be other ex-Presidents, but there can never, never, be another Miss Jawbones—LIFE's own and only Priscilla.



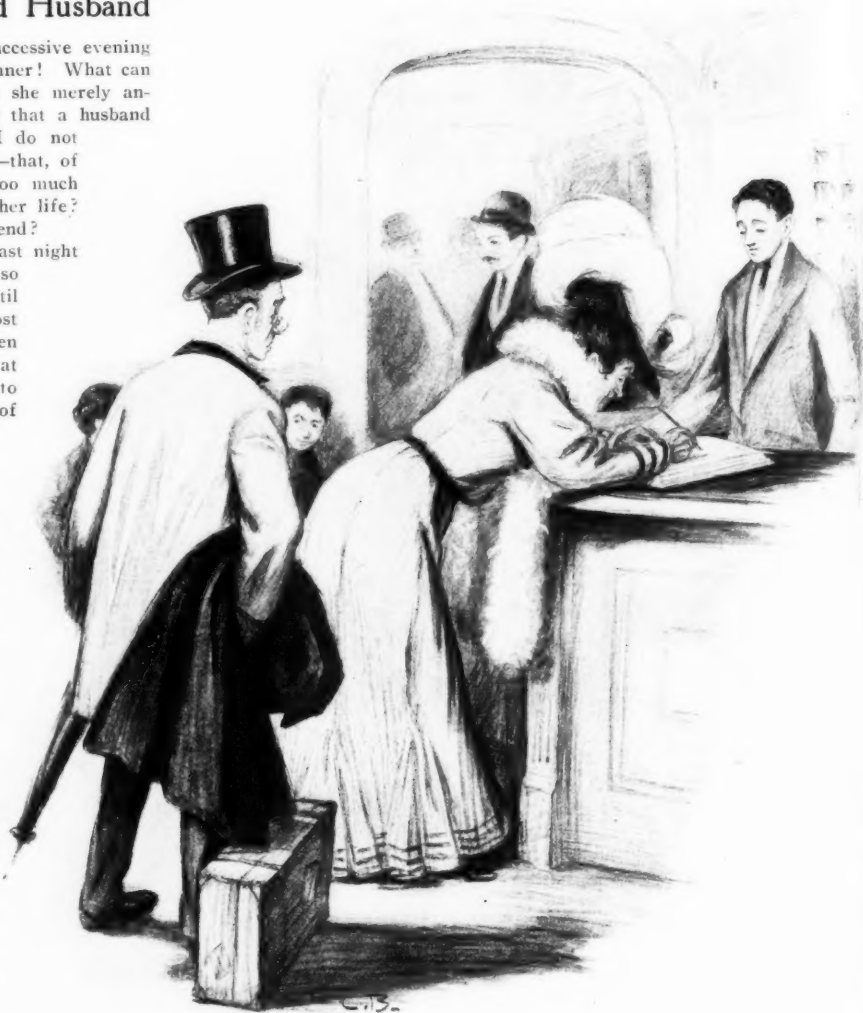
Salesman: YES, THIS IS ONE OF OUR MOST POPULAR PATTERNS IN LINOLEUM. A GREAT FAVORITE WITH YOUNG MARRIED COUPLES.

The Journal of a Neglected Husband

AUGUST 3, 8 p. m.—For the third successive evening Eleanor has not come home for dinner! What can have detained her? To all my inquiries she merely answers, "Business!" Surely it is proper that a husband take an interest in his wife's affairs. I do not expect to be informed of all the details—that, of course, is impossible—but is it asking too much to want to know the main currents of her life? Oh, I am so anxious! Where will this end?

August 5.—Another evening alone! Last night Eleanor remained at home, but she was so worn out that she dozed in her chair until bedtime, and once in bed, fell asleep almost immediately. All day to-day she has been absent with her clubs and meetings, and at nightfall she returned only long enough to change her clothes and snatch a morsel of food, and then off again. When I ventured timidly to inquire where she was going, she laughed and twitched my ear and said: "Hubbies mustn't worry their little heads over things they can't understand. We women have serious work in life which men must be satisfied to entrust to us without question." Then she kissed me and patted my cheek and went out laughing. What am I to think? Is there, perhaps, another? No, no, I will not even formulate such a suspicion! I cannot believe that my darling, once so tender and devoted, can have come to regard her marriage vows as less sacred than I do mine. If contact with the world produces such results, then thank Heaven that I belong to the sheltered sex.

August 20.—It has come, as was inevitable. Another woman has come into my life. I have struggled, fought against it, but in vain. I was alone, with no one to help me, and—and—it was stronger than I. Eleanor should have foreseen the danger, should have watched over and sheltered me with



AS REGISTERED

MARY JONES AND HUSBAND

THIS YOU WILL FIND THAT YOU ARE AT THE PLACE YOU STARTED AFTER READING

THE USUAL END OF AN ARGUMENT

her love, so that temptation could not come near me. Men are so weak! But she did naught of this; she left me alone with my fears and imaginings and longings, and then the other—I will not write her name—came into my life, and saw and understood, although I did my best to hide my secret, and—and—. But why write the details? It is the old story of a careless wife, a persistent woman and a weak man. We have arranged to flee on Wednesday, when Eleanor leaves for a business trip. Hark! Bobby is awake! Oh, my child, my child! what will become of you without a father to keep you pure and sweet?

How will it turn out? Heaven help us all!

Wednesday.—The fateful day has come! Everything is ready for flight. Whither we are going I know not. I have left everything to *her*. She is so strong and capable and I am so weak and timid. As the hour draws near I become more and more frightened. Shall I have strength to carry it through? Even now if Eleanor—but, no, she has neglected me too shamefully; I will not weaken. A wife who leaves her husband alone day after day and night after night must expect disaster. Men's hearts cry out for love. "Good-by,"



Why Men Do Not Marry

said Eleanor on kissing me as she left for the train; "be a good boy till I come back again." A good boy! Heaven knows I have tried to be one! If she had only helped me. Hark, the signal!—three long toots followed by two short ones. The decisive moment is here. One more look around the room where I have spent so many happy hours; one more look at my child—at our child—asleep in his cradle. There are things that even a father cannot do for a child. Good-by! Good-by!

I am still here. As I opened the door to flee I ran into the arms of—Eleanor. She had returned from the station—decided not to go on her business trip after all. A sense of foreboding evil, of disaster, it seems, had settled on her spirit and refused to be cast off. "Return home!" a voice kept whispering in her ear, and, unable to resist it, she had left her companions at the station and hastened back to find me on the verge of flight. A moment more and it would have been too late. I shudder to think of it! With a sob of thankfulness I threw myself on her breast, and, incoherently, broken by sobs, I poured out the tale of my unhappiness and contemplated flight. Silently, with an indulgent smile, she

listened, and soothed me with words of comfort and forgiveness.

"It was all my fault," she said. "I should not have left you so much alone. You need my support and love."

At that moment Bobby awoke, and with a smile stretched out his arms and lisped, "Mamma!—Papa!" instinctively placing us in the proper order of precedence.

Never again will I believe that women are devoid of intuition. Eleanor to-day revealed a sense of this divine gift almost worthy of a man.

William Wallace Whitelock.

Gratitude

GRATITUDE is the nothing that we give for something. Anything more than that is compensation or restitution or reciprocity. But, as most people look upon gratitude as something more than nothing, we are usually dissatisfied with the gratitude we receive, and mistake it for no gratitude at all, and hence we look upon most people as ungrateful.

The best example of pure gratitude is a dog wagging his tail after receiving a bone or a pat or a back-rub. This wag satisfies us because we know it's the best the dog can do.

The Great Pickled Pepper Movement

(By special cable to LIFE)

"PETER PIPER picked a peck of pickled peppers."

The above message, exactly as it is given, and exclusively reported to LIFE by its Berlin correspondent, created no less than a sensation yesterday.

LIFE's correspondent called upon Senator Aldrich in his Rhode Island home, and showed him the dispatch. He grew very angry.

"I refuse to talk about it," he muttered. "You have no business to intrude upon my privacy, anyway."

"Do you deny that it is true?"

"I neither deny nor affirm it. I refuse to talk."

"It is a matter of common gossip, Senator, that your son has long been interested in the pickled pepper industry. Isn't it true at the present moment that you have a private carload of pickled peppers now on its way here?"

"Go away! I shall never speak to you again or have anything to do with you!"

By special arrangement with the *Outlook*, we are privileged to give, in part, Mr. Roosevelt's editorial utterance on the subject, as follows:

"I do not hesitate to affirm that the Peter Piper incident is of vital interest

to the American people. I have never sought to deny the value of the sport of picking pickled peppers. Peter Piper, however, is a liar when he says he picked a peck. I am the only one who has done this. I did it when I was in Harvard, and I did it when I was in the White House. It was owing to the stand I took on this question that we are now where we are. I shall do it again, but not within three months. I believe in picking pickled peppers, but only when they are picked in the right way. If they were allowed to grow indefinitely they

people are all right, and while I look for a slump in prices, I have every reason to believe that our native integrity will carry us through this crisis. There can be no doubt, however, that the cause of the trouble is due to the disrespect shown to some of our most prominent railroads. Until it is understood that our ultimate prosperity is bound up with theirs there can be no real relief. Peter Piper knows this as well as I do."

An eminent American philosopher and psychologist, when seen, said:

"And so Peter Piper has at last picked his peck of pickled peppers. Ah, well! It was to be expected. Personally, I have long since discarded the categorical imperative. Pragmatism, in its larger and wider aspects, will undoubtedly be adopted in time by the whole people. In the meantime, this effort of Peter Piper's marks a distinct advance over all forms of *a priori* thought. That Peter Piper is a monist there can be no doubt; otherwise he would have picked two pecks instead of one. So far as its transcendental aspects are concerned, I prefer to be silent, leaving that phase of the question to posterity. For the present I shall merely state that it was an efferent act and should be judged as such."

President Taft was seen on the links. He smiled, as usual, but when he had read the dispatch he frowned slightly.

"It is hard to be misunderstood in this way," he said, "and, of course, it is all due to the press, who have persistently misrepresented me. Every one ought to



"OUR NATIVE INTEGRITY"

would become in time an incalculable menace to our Christian ideals; I would not pick them all the time. I would do so only when I felt like it. I hope this will end the matter."

The editors of the *Century*, when shown the dispatch, grew very grave.

"In its present form we could not use it," they declared in chorus. "We do not approve of so much alliteration. It is not in conformity with the high literary standard of this magazine. But it can doubtless be re-written in this office, and made more intelligible and agreeable to our readers by a careful and painstaking revision. Please call again in two or three years and we will discuss the matter at length."

Mr. James J. Hill was hopeful.

"At bottom," he said, "the American



"I REFUSE TO TALK"



"PETER PIPER IS A MONIST"



"HE SMILED AS USUAL"

know that the tariff on pickled peppers, while seemingly higher, is in reality lower than it ever was before. I shall take this matter up on my next yacht cruise."

Vice-President Sherman was visibly disturbed.

"I know nothing about it," he passionately exclaimed. "Peter Piper is no concern of mine. I have never seen the man; never knew that he existed; I dislike pickled peppers, and when I see one always cross the street. I positively refuse to be implicated."

James J. Jeffries, when shown the dispatch on his California farm, turned pale and his knees knocked together.

"It is God's will," he muttered.

Late in the afternoon there was a hurried combined meeting of the Young Woman's Christian Association and Woman's Christian Temperance Union, to protest against the practice of picking pickled peppers. The meeting was largely attended and after an excited debate the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"Resolved, That the act of Peter Piper, in picking a peck of pickled peppers, cannot be too strongly condemned, offering as it does a pernicious example to our youth and undermining the morals of the nation; and we hereby denounce this disgusting practice and firmly pledge ourselves to protest personally to every one

whom we see doing it, and furthermore, "Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to Peter Piper, in order that our unanimous opinion on the matter may shame him into a better life."

We have just learned that *Everybody's Magazine* has engaged Charles Edward Russell, Harvey J. O'Higgins, Thomas Lawson, Brand Whitlock and Samuel Blythe to expose the pickled pepper industry in a series of stirring articles under the title "The Shame of Perpetuating Peter Piper's Pickled Peppers."

His history will be traced, step by step, from its humble beginnings in Scotland, and the whole horrible story laid bare in all of its hideous details.

J. Pierpont Morgan greeted our representative with his usual taciturnity.

"Everything passes," he observed.

"But, do you think, Mr. Morgan, that another bond issue will be necessary?"

"We must rob Peter Piper, if necessary, in order to pay Paul."

"And if so, can we count on you?"

"I shall do my share, as usual."

Wall Street early showed the effect of the startling news. Pickled peppers preferred opened feverishly, and in response to large selling orders broke sharply. Around noon, being unsupported, it dropped below par. Later there was a slight rally. A prominent banker, in speaking about the situation, said:

"The American people have only themselves to blame. For some time there has been a disposition to ignore



"I SHALL DO MY SHARE"

the banking interests, with the inevitable result. It must be recognized by everybody that we are the backbone of the country and that Wall Street is the barometer through which our prosperity can be gauged. I hope this will be a lesson. Peter Piper is undoubtedly a martyr to the cause."

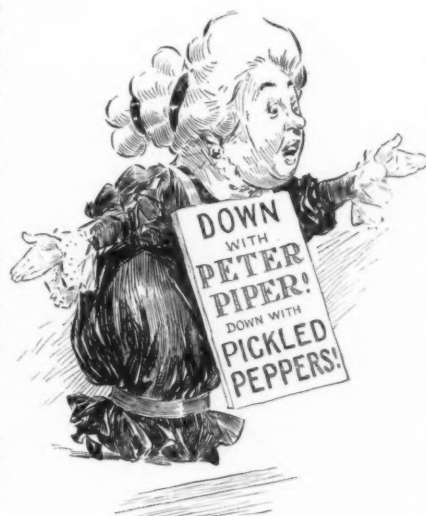
Ella Wheeler Wilcox has the following poem in the *Evening Journal*:

"If to Love's Higher Will you're blind,
Keep Peter Piper in your mind;

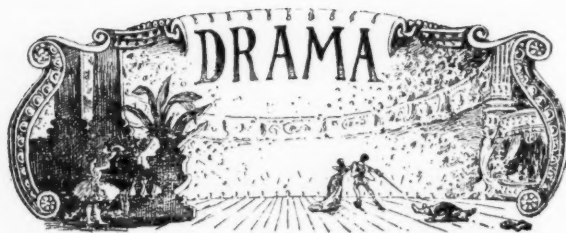
And should your heart be filled with rue,
Ask, What would Peter Piper do?"

The Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, it is understood, will preach on Peter Piper next Sunday. Through the courtesy of the advertising agency who represents him, we are enabled to quote from his discourse the following soul-stirring words:

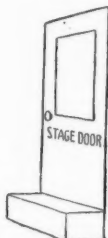
"Peter Piper's example should be a lesson to us all. To preserve our ideals, we need to keep firmly fixed in our minds the unblemished pickled pepper, as, throughout all the ages, it has come down to us in all its purity; for in spite of the untoward effects of a damaging civilization, in spite of dishonor and discredit and certain unwholesome influences to which I have had previous occasion to advert, every pickled pepper is pure at heart. And, brethren, it is upon this foundation that we must build; ever mindful of our sacred privileges, and still believing unflinchingly in the ultimate destiny of man." T. L. M.



"PLEDGE OURSELVES TO PROTEST PERSONALLY"



The New Season Getting Into Its Stride



THE same lack of business discernment and the same ignorance of anything like business courtesy, which led to the destruction of the splendid monopoly in theatrical money-making enjoyed by those cultured gentlemen, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, made it impossible for LIFE to review "Madame X" last season.

Now that Colonel Savage, who owns the play, has deserted the late Theatrical Trust and moved his property into more civilized surroundings, it is possible to record an opinion, although rather a belated one, and one which has been approved in advance by the patronage of the public.

It is no news to say that "Madame X" is a powerful drama; it is, in fact, the most moving play that has been seen on our stage for a long time. In it the highest degree of theatrical expertness in dramatic construction has dealt with a story which although improbable is yet very well within the limits of the possible. It is developed logically and the interest is cumulative. It is too strong meat for babes and children, but it is satisfying to those who have sickened of piffle and trifle.

In the work of an unusually well-selected and competent cast, the acting of Dorothy Donnelly as an unworthy but very human woman stands out as a remarkable study of an abnormal type and a noteworthy exhibition of versatility in portraying emotion. To what Miss Donnelly does and what she leaves undone in the way of acting is due the greater part of the moving power of the play.

Those who have a craving for real drama as a relief from the trivialities that crowd our stage will find it in "Madame X."



"MISTER, WAT MAKFS HIS LEGS SO SHORT?"
 "WHY, I CHOPPED 'EM OFF SO HE COULD GET IN THE HOUSE EASIER."
 "WELL, YOU JUST RUINED HIM."



Wearry Willie Fly: GOLLY! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO stick to this JOB!

nice little polite comedies. This one has been brought over from England to serve as the annual vehicle for the display of Mr. John Drew's agreeable personality. Even the addition of a fourth act, which makes the play a more complete evening's entertainment in point of time than its predecessors from Mr. Maugham's pen, only serves to emphasize his gift of spreading dramatic ideas to what might answer the description of the thin edge of nothing whittled down to a fine point. The theme of the comedy, so far as it has one, is satire directed at that kind of London society which is silly because it hasn't brains or vitality enough to be vicious. Bridge-playing and the adoption of sexless young men as household pets are dwelt upon as the principal evidences of the condition.

Mr. John Drew, who is presented in his usual rôle of a well-groomed man of good manners with a cynically humorous view of things, prefers his sister's parlor-maid, *Smith*, to the less physically competent women in his sister's social set. He is supported by a well-rehearsed company in which Mary Boland is very attractive and not at all over-pronounced as *Smith*, Isabel Irving worldly to the last degree as the fashionable sister, Mr. Morton Selton thoroughly at home as her com-
 plaisant husband and Mr. Hassard Short, cheeky, superficially clever and evidently epicene as the human house-cat.

"Smith" is a slightly amusing, perfectly polite, lighter-than-air, very modish comedy.

♀ ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀

"THE COMMUTERS," at the Criterion, is by Mr. James Forbes, author of "The Traveling Salesman" and "The Chorus Lady," which is to say that it is American farce larded with up-to-date slang and dealing with suburbanites of a very ordinary type. Just why the commuter and his ways are subjects of merriment may be difficult to explain, but the fact remains that they are, and Mr. Forbes develops the laugh-making possibilities of some phases of this mode of existence. He does it sketchily and without much finish but achieves his purpose of easy entertainment.

The acting is by a company of not much distinction, headed by Mr. Orrin Johnsons, an actor of more force than finesse, and May de Sousa, an actress whose principal charm lies in

certain baby-like eccentricities of speech and expression. A really clever piece of work is done by Mr. Taylor Holmes as a friend of the commuter saturated with city habits and condemned to the peculiarities of suburban hospitality.

"The Commuters" will furnish amusement chiefly to those from whom it derives its title.

"THE UPSTART" justified its name by hanging on for a metropolitan run of two nights and a matinee. It was a weak imitation of George Bernard Shaw's "Candida." It was Shavian in its talkiness but entirely devoid of the Shavian wit, absurdity and satire.

At the Hippodrome the best feature of the new show is a ballet with Niagara Falls for a background and its participants clad in Indian costumes varied to meet the requirements of the Hippodrome's standard of color and brilliancy. Mr. Arthur Voegtlin, who is responsible for the scenic effects, has taken a few liberties with the topography and perspective of Niagara, and probably no existing tribe of American Indians would recognize the obliging young ladies of the ballet as blood relatives; but the general effect is stunning and calculated to rouse the enthusiasm even of those familiar with Hippodrome gorgeousness. The ballet is preceded by a number of circus features and followed by a spectacle in which the depiction of an earthquake utilizes all the possibilities of the big stage and tank.

MISS PATSY, at the Nazimova, is an absurdly farcical contraption written by Mr. Sewell Collins to exploit the abilities of Gertrude Quinlan as a star. Judging by the jumble it produced in the way of plot and situations, the author must have found the inspiration insufficient. Gertrude Quinlan has been seen and heard here before, notably as the boarding-house girl in "The College Widow." She is an exponent of the school of commonness already too prevalent on our stage. The facts that she has a certain cleverness and was very much in earnest only emphasized the quality.

The world of dramatic art could get along without "Miss Patsy" and still survive.



Lady Bountiful: DEAR ME, WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY RESEMBLANCE! YOU MUST BE TWINS.
"NO'M, WE'RE JEWS."

GAIETY musical shows from London have a daintiness and refinement in music and atmosphere which none of our native producers seem able to imitate. That may account for their popularity with a constituency many of whose members rarely patronize an American musical show. "Our Miss Gibbs" has the quality but its musical numbers do not include any striking melodies although the score is pleasant and tuneful throughout. The book, which deals with a love affair in one of London's big department stores, lacks wit and fun, most of what there is of the latter being supplied in the way of American vaudeville gags.

The prima donna of the company is the much-heralded Pauline Chase. The task is too great for her small voice and slender abilities. Jean Aylwin, a very well put up and attractive Scotch lass, is a more competent importation in the little she had to do. The comedians are Messrs. Ernest Lambart, Fred Wright and Bert Leslie. They work hard but are short of material. The cleverest dancing is done by Gertrude Vanderbilt, an American girl.

"Our Miss Gibbs" has had a long success in London, where it is still playing. Although Messrs. Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton are the composers it does not appeal to the New York ear as have some of their other works in the same line. It may be that the Number Two company does not do full justice to the material. Apparently their

"Miss Gibbs" is not "Our Miss Gibbs."
Metcalf.



Astor.—"Seven Days," the side-splitter, continues its triumphant career.

Bijou.—Mr. Maclyn Arbuckle in "Welcome to Our City." Notice later.

Broadway.—"The Summer Widowers." Big musical show inherited from the summer. Mr. Lew Fields, Irene Franklin and Ada Lewis making fun.

Casino.—"Up and Down Broadway." Also summer musical show, with Mr. Eddie Foy as the star.

Comedy.—Miss Clara Lipman doing clever work in "The Marriage of a Star," emotional comedy, adapted from the French.

Criterion.—"The Commuters." See above.

Dal.—"Baby Mine." Miss Margaret Mayo's deliciously funny farce.

Empire.—Mr. John Drew in "Smith." See above.

Hackett.—"Mother." Notice later.

Garrick.—"Love Among the Lions." Laughable and well acted farce, based on Anstey's book of that name.

Globe.—"The Echo." Musical piece, with the dancing of Bessie McCoy and others as the main attraction.

Herald Square.—Mlle. Marie Dressler making fifty-seven varieties of fun in "Tillie's Nightmare."

Hippodrome.—See above.

Knickerbocker.—"Our Miss Gibbs." Gaiety, musical comedy. Refined music by a not overly brilliant company.

Lyceum.—Mr. Anstey's own dramatization of "A Brass Bottle." British farce, rather stodgy.

Lyric.—"Madame X." See above.

Maxine Elliott's.—See above.

Nazimova.—"Miss Patsy." See above.

Republic.—"Bobby Burnit." with Wallace Eddinger as star. Brisk, light comedy of improbable business life.

Stuyvesant.—"The Lily." Emotional dramatization of the old maid problem as it exists in France.

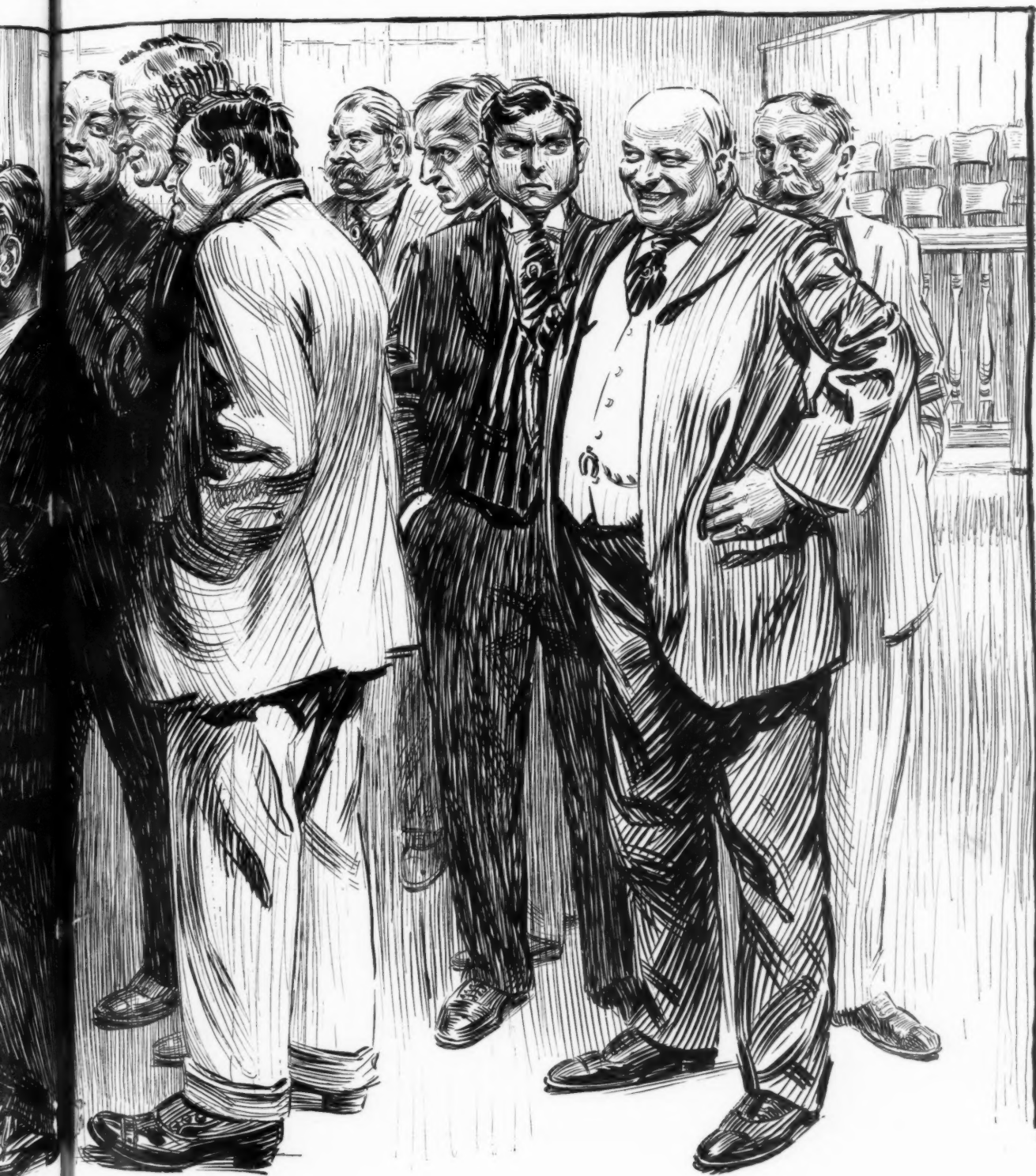
Wallack's.—"Alias Jimmy Valentine." The melodramatic side of the reformed states-prison bird.



Walter Tittle 1910

When Men Vote

THE ELEVEN GENTLEMEN AND ONE LADY, HAVING FAILED TO REACH A VERDICT



When Ten Vote

NG FAILED A VERDICT, ARE TO PASS THE NIGHT IN THE JURORS' ROOM



THE FIRST THING ABOUT HER THAT STRUCK HIM WAS HER BEAUTIFUL BLONDE HAIR

—From any novel.



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS

HERE'S HOW

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Born September 15, 1857

There are some men of whom any sort of explanation, at certain psychological moments, is a superfluous proceeding.

President Taft is one. It would be obviously unnecessary to give a sketch of his life or to indicate what he has done. We all of us know what he has done, and that his future intentions are of the most exalted character. It is our present business to say that on this great occasion we are delighted more than we can say to have this opportunity to wish him godspeed. We know him to be the very best of fellows. We esteem him as a worthy American. And we gladly do him honor.

Mr. President, permit us, sir, to salute you as a man of men. We wish you many happy returns of an eventful day.

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON

Born September 15, 1841

For Mrs. Bolton we have a most affectionate regard. For years she has been the devoted friend of the dog, as evidenced in her writings; and, in addition to this, she has contributed much to inspire young people by presenting them with examples of success in all ages. In short, she has by her pen worked continuously for the good of others.

Madam, it gives us great pleasure to felicitate you upon the attainment of another birthday and to express the wish that you may continue among us for many years to come.

RICHARD OLNEY

Born September 15, 1835

We have long been of the opinion that Mr. Olney is one of our greatest Americans. His distinguished services to his country are still fresh in our memory. He was born in Oxford, Mass., graduated from Brown University and Harvard Law School, practiced law in Boston and was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature until he became Attorney-General under President Cleveland. Afterward he was Secretary of State.



He is, perhaps, our best Democrat. Indeed, we know of no other, with the possible exception of Col. Henry Watterson, who holds a candle to him.

We take pleasure, therefore, in making this acknowledgment of his high attainments and hope that we may yet have the opportunity of voting for him.

We wish him the best of health and many happy returns of the day.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

Born September 16, 1861

Mr. Loomis is an American humorist. He travels about in various countries, including his own, and, gathering information, rehabilitates it on a new and individual basis and distributes it with great skill. He is a splendid reciter and much funnier than he needs to be. If he were, say, three-fifths as funny on the stage as he actually is he would still be able to convulse more than half the audiences. This summer he was in Scotland. When an American humorist can go to Scotland for a vacation he is reasonably sure of himself.

Mr. Loomis was born in Brooklyn, gathered as much information as he needed from the Polytechnic Institute and having been a sufficient period in business to insure his success as a humorist began his great work of amusing the American people. He is the author of many books.

We congratulate you, sir, upon your birthday. May you continue to live long and humorously.



HAMLIN GARLAND

Born September 16, 1860

Mr. Garland is a novelist and a dramatist, and, unless we are quite wrong, a spiritist. He received a public-school education, taught school, worked on a farm and after traveling extensively began to write stories. His not-so-long-ago investigation into spiritual matters attracted considerable attention.



We hope, sir, that you will leave the spirits alone, even though you continue to disclaim a belief in their activities. We have known splendid men to go wrong while on the trail of spirits, and we desire that you shall continue to exercise your God-given talent along well-beaten paths.

May you continue to contribute to our pleasure by writing more books. Here's power to your pen!

JAMES J. HILL

Born September 16, 1838

We are about to do homage to one of our great captains of industry—to a master mind, to a genuine magnate; and we are pleased to say that the task is not a task at all but an agreeable typographical function.

Mr. Hill is of Scotch-Irish descent. This ought to be enough to insure any man supremacy; when we add that he was born on a farm in Minnesota, and that he inherited a superb constitution the whole secret of his success seems to be revealed.

Certainly as president of our Great Northern System, as a creator of untold wealth and as an observer of the signs of the times he is entitled to a large place among our dynamic human energies.

You are a big man, Mr. Hill. We salute you as one. You have that proper and healthy disregard for money by itself that goes with great talent in finance. We trust that you will continue to live long and continue to be the agent of prosperity.



The Victory

YOUNG Mrs. Widownton was musing on the terrace of her charming suite at the St. Anthony, overlooking the river. She held a note from Bobby Hilton telling her he would call at five, and she rose to get into a gown to receive him.

She liked Bobby, but would have been gladder to look forward to this visit if she did not know that it meant a renewal of the subject that was his main idea now—her promise to take a second venture into the matrimonial rapids with him.

She rather enjoyed her widowhood, and she was getting just a bit strong-minded in an inoffensive sort of way. She had plenty of money, lots of interesting friends and admirers and—freedom. If she fell clamorously in love with Bobby, she might marry him, she thought. He was a gentle, mild sort of a chap, enormously clever as a civil engineer. He could build bridges and light-houses, tunnel through mountains and under rivers, but he looked on his talents in this line so simply that very few who knew him realized what a genius he was.

She felt as she slipped a lace gown over her head and drew her arms carefully through the filmy sleeves that she would make him understand to-day definitely that he must not recur to the subject if they were to remain friends.

Just as she had begun to hook the dress the telephone bell rang and she heard from below that Mr. Hilton was



"A LADY'S HACK."

calling. She requested that he wait for a few moments and then rang for a maid. This particular gown was a most difficult task, for there were alternate buttons with loops to slip over them and tiny hooks between to hold the fragile edges together.

With both arms stretched painfully back over her shoulders she poked and pushed in her efforts to make the sides meet, but they eluded her impishly until suddenly she felt something catch. She drew a deep breath and rested her arms a minute, then rang furiously again.

Then she braced her foot upon a chair and taking a deep in-breath drew the most of the back of the bodice up on her shoulder-blades and began to catch the hooks in the lace with trembling fingers. After all he was a man and would not notice.

The telephone bell rang again sharply and again Mr. Hilton's name came up. She slammed the ear-phone into the rest crossly and reaching back her arms underneath she snapped the waist together anyhow. Her face was red and her temples throbbing. Just then a bell-boy opened the door and ushered in Bobby. Evidently they had mistaken her direction.

She called to him through the curtains to go out on the terrace while she vaporized her hands with violet water, smoothed her hair and drew a powder-puff across her cheeks. One of her finger-nails was broken and a pin had scratched her hand cruelly. She breathed deeply several times in an effort to get back her calm before she greeted him.

He stood on the terrace, his gentle, quiet smile and kindly eyes almost irritating her. She had often wished that Bob's effects were broader, as it were. She never heard him laugh loudly or give vent to exclamations of intense joy or sorrow, as other men did. It certainly made a man more interesting if he seemed to have capacities for deep feeling. Just now she was over-wrought and she felt that if he spoke of their marriage she would positively shriek.

As she faced him, nervously conscious

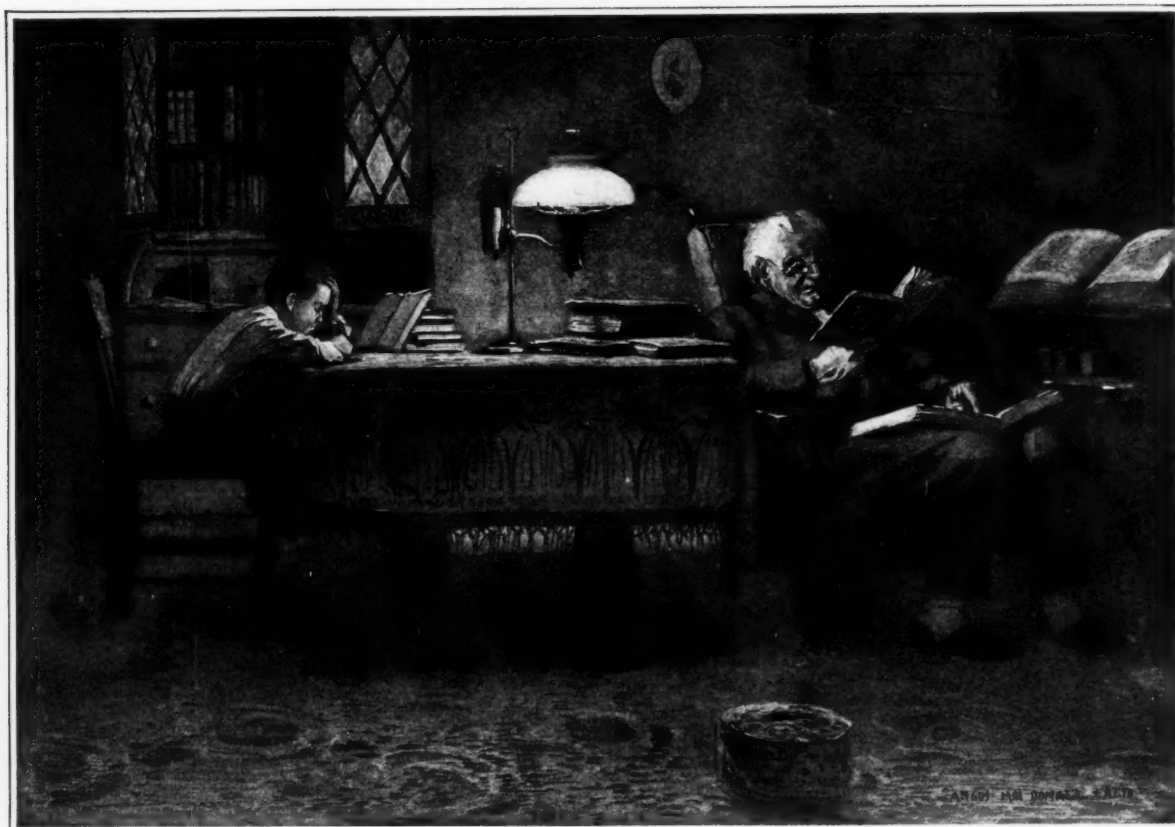


EQUAL RIGHTS

Judge: WHAT'S THE CHARGE, OFFICER?

"NON-SUPPORT, YOUR HONOR."

"WHO MAKES THE CHARGE, THE MAN OR THE WOMAN?"



LEARNING

ITS PAINS AND PLEASURES

of her uncomfortably drawn dress, she completely forgot the broad, high mirror directly back of her.

Suddenly she heard him explode in uncontrollable gurgling laughter, and his face became actually convulsed with

mirth. She frowned and colored as she eyed him questioningly.

"May—I—may I—tell you something, Cora?" he finally asked, smothering another uncanny chuckle.

"Once for all, Bob," she began, and she knew her face was white; "I warn you I shall not listen to a word about—about——" she faltered.

"It is not that," he answered, with another break in his throat, "but your gown—your bodice looks like the blueprint of an earthquake!" He touched her shoulders lightly and turned her face away.

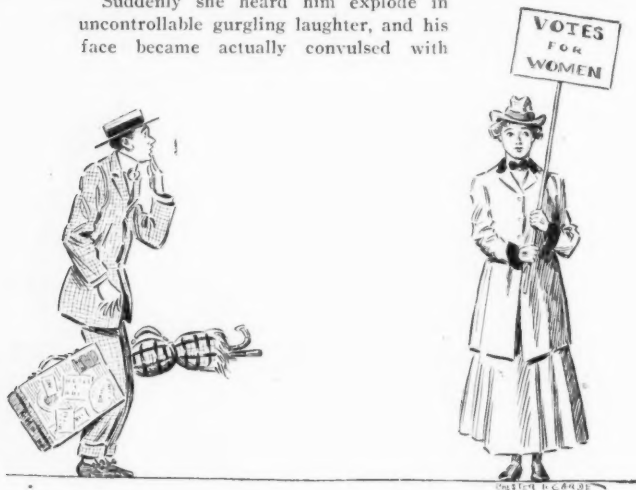
"The entire outfit, about a hundred and five of them, I should judge, are all wrongly coupled. There are gaps and hitches and criss-cross places—it is terrible. Let me fix it?"

There was a certain masterful note in his voice that she had never heard before and his chuckles were humiliating to hear. She decided that she would make him understand her displeasure.

"Thank you," she said icily, "I shall get the maid. You know nothing about it."

"On the contrary, I know everything about it," he answered sternly; "you forget that I am a civil engineer. Turn around here."

As one obeying a voice, she moved as directed, and she felt his cool, deft fingers go trippingly down the bodice, which immediately released its uncomfortable tension. With out a



THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM



THE EASIEST WAY

pause or a question, or even a tug, he reached the thirty-eighth button.

Then he began to whistle softly. There was no suggestion of peevishness or even of reproach in his manner. Nothing but pure skill and a certain tender, pitying care as of a child.

When the sixtieth button—the last—slipped into its loop, he drew a deep breath of immeasurable satisfaction in the contemplation of a task well done. As she turned he was pulling his coat sleeves down over his cuffs with a pleased expression still on his lips.

Her eyes full of beautiful tears met his, then fell beneath his kindly glance. It was his moment of triumph. She wavered toward him and he caught her close to him.

"You will marry me, Cora, you will, you will!" he whispered.

"I CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT YOU!" she thrilled, and a strange, new, cooing note in her voice made him dizzy with happiness.

Kate Masterson.

Man's Place in the Household

AS SEEN BY THE ADVANCED WOMAN

HOW many of us ever stop to think of the place that Man fills in every household? How often do we pause in the midst of our busy toil for the uplift of our sex to ask ourselves whether or not Man, our faithful companion, is contented with his lot? How many of us remember to greet him with a fond caress when we return from a hard afternoon's work in the committee room?

Is it not true that, merely because he is not eligible for membership in the various associations devised by us for our own uplift and reform, we have been apt to regard Man in the light of a mere provider and to shut him out from all participation in the serious work of our lives? Let us rather make him our confidant and remember that there are a great many world-issues that he is quite capable of understanding and in which he might be encouraged to interest himself to a limited degree!

A correspondent who has been twice married and three times elected to the presidency of important women's organizations, writes that she permits her husband to address all the circulars and pamphlets sent out under her name, and that he enjoys the work immensely and is already beginning to take a deep interest in the societies with which his wife is identified. Moreover, she now knows where he is nights.

Undoubtedly a great many husbands could be utilized in this manner were their wives to use a little patience and tact

in teaching them about the problems which at present absorb the feminine mind. Above all, let us regard Man not merely as an uncomplaining drudge and useful provider, but as a being capable of better things and one who might be trained to devote to such organizations as the Civic League, the Consumers' Society and the Asylum for Unsectarian Maiden Aunts a great deal of the time and energy that is now devoted to baseball matches and other mis-named "sports."

Administrations

ALL administrations are essentially the same administration.

More specifically an administration is a political event covering a period of time.

All administrations begin with promises; the vaguer the promises the more the public expects.

After a little the administration realizes that something must be done to convince the public that promises which have never been made have been kept to the letter.

In order to do this, it is merely necessary to convince the public that whatever has been done is exactly what has been promised. This is very easy if the promises were sufficiently vague to begin with.

As soon as the public is convinced, it is time for an administration to begin to talk about an extension of term.

When the question of term is once thoroughly opened, it is time to introduce more promises. Proceed as before *ad lib.*

Administrations, like history, repeat themselves.



Ethel (who is taking piano lessons, to organ-grinder): HOW MANY HOURS A DAY DO YOU HAVE TO PRACTICE?

Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

Branches in All Principal Cities, Including Paris and Constantinople. No Connection with Any Other Establishment.

OWING to our recent troubles—to which, now that they are passed, we can refer with a light heart—we were obliged to take a necessary vacation. We have just returned, and find everything in apple-pie order.

This leads us to say that summer is by far the best time for husbands to join the bureau.

Coming!

Our Husband Bench Show!

It will open in Madison Square Garden in the autumn. We make this preliminary announcement now in order that everybody may have ample notice.

Through our various courses of instruction (write or pamphlet) we have gradually built up a quiet body of effective husbands throughout the country. It is these men who will furnish the backbone of the Bench Show and enable us to put through such necessary reforms as will undoubtedly lift up all husbands onto another plane.

In the meantime, we urge all who can avail themselves of the opportunity to begin our course at once.

No matter how old you are, or how thoroughly under your wife's control, do not despair until you have consulted us.

To old husbands, by the way, we offer a special inducement. By sending five dollars' initiation fee before the first of the month (one month's preliminary instruction) we will



send our "Bevy of Beauties" book. This book contains lovely pictures of all the young and handsome girls in the country under seventeen, gathered with unusual care by a husband in our employ who is himself over seventy-five and who knows the field.

Here are a few testimonials, gathered at random in our morning's mail:

Dear Bureau:

Since taking your course of instruction I am another man. My wife is thoroughly cowed, and we are living within our income for the first time in ten years. Bless you forever. *****

Kind Sir:

I am writing this from my club, which I have just joined, and have only a minute, as I am going to a vaudeville performance with the boys, and shall wind up at a stag poker party. My wife is sitting at home perfectly contented, thanks to your wonderful system. I inclose check. Please put me down as a life member. Whoop!

Yours, *****



The Tramp: WELL, IT'S EASY TER SEE DEY AIN'T VEGETARIANS.

Friend:

Since taking your course my wife believes everything I say. Please send me at once your "Bevy of Beauties." I am going to devote myself to art for the rest of my life. Although over eighty, I am enjoying the best of health, thanks to your husbands' manual. I inclose the names of five friends who would like to join.

Gratefully yours, *****

* * * * *

Remember, if you are in any domestic trouble, if you cannot deceive your wife without getting found out, if you have to do things your whole nature revolts at, if you are henpecked, over-talked, nagged, pampered, kept in nights, and long for freedom, write us at once in strict confidence.

No case is hopeless.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU.

Compatible

HE: What a grouchy-looking couple. I wonder what they see in each other.

SHE: They probably have a lot of similar distastes.

Our Issuelessness

IT is not that we have too many issues in this country; it is that we have none at all.

The mere fact that the Prohibitionists discuss the drink question does not make the drink question an issue.

The mere fact that the Socialists discuss the question of the unemployed and try to make the workingmen want something they don't want doesn't make socialism an issue.

The mere fact that the Democrats talk of the brilliance and bravery of Bryan and the virile, unvacillating virtue of the solid South does not make these things issues.

The mere fact that Republicans rhetoricize upon their records and insult insurgents does not make these things issues.



MAN'S RIGHTS



Unsettled

MRS. KNICKER: Has your daughter got used to home since she graduated?

MRS. BOCKER: No; she behaves like an ex-President home from Europe.

—Harper's Bazar.

When O. Henry Lost Prestige

Once, when exploring a factory district for story material, O. Henry invited a bright little girl to dine with him. She accepted on condition that she might bring a friend along. During dinner the writer sought to make his guests feel at ease by resting his English to the extent of using "ain't" and "hadn't oughter," and a few other mutilations of the mother tongue.

He saw the little girl a few days later. "I was awful mortified that night," she said, "you spoke so ungrammatical before my lady friend!"—*Success*.

"What do you do when a tire bursts, Cholly?"

"Aw, I light a cigawette."

—Birmingham Age-Herald.



MUCH LIKED FOR HIS CHARM AND MAGNETISM

His Ancestry

King Edward was very fond of his eldest grandson, and liked talking to him. When the little Prince was eleven his grandfather asked him what he was studying in his history lesson, and was told, "Oh, all about Perkin Warbeck." The King asked, "Who was Perkin Warbeck?" and the lad replied, "He pretended that he was the son of a king. But he wasn't; he was the son of respectable parents."—*Tit-Bits*.

A Fig for His Grace; a Figleaf for the Lady

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, has a kindly wit which some persons have misconstrued as caustic. At a dinner-party a lady whom he had been chaffing thought she saw her opportunity and his dessert.

"A fig for you, your Grace," she remarked pointedly, passing him a plate of figs in their leaves. Her waist was cut very low in the neck.

The Archbishop only smiled politely, and taking a leaf from the plate said: "A fig-leaf for you, Mrs. X."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

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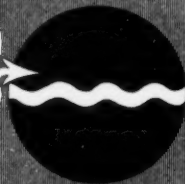
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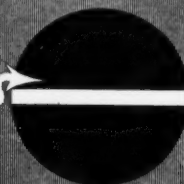
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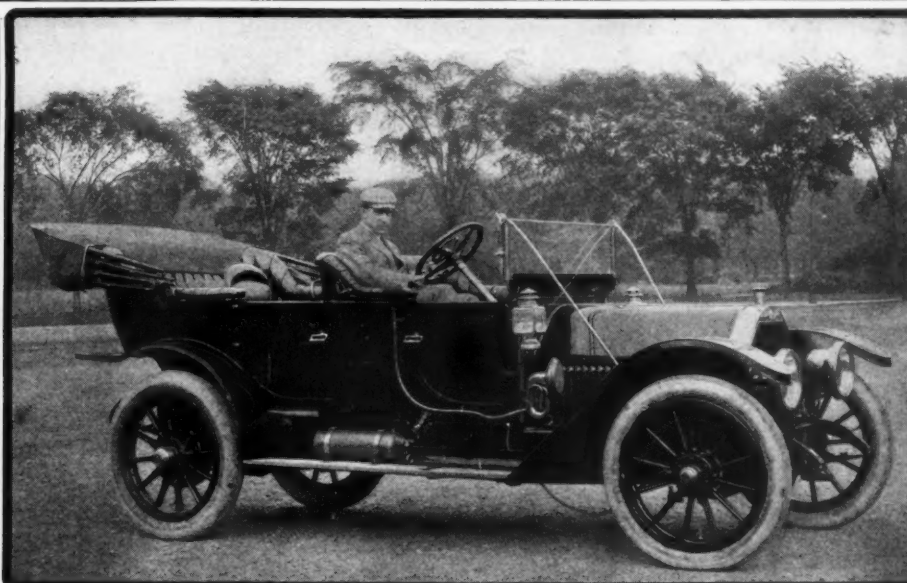
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Six CYLINDERS



The hand-propelled elevator ascends jerkily; the electric car smoothly and steadily. Like the six-cylinder motor, it runs with no interval between power impulses.



LONG STROKE MOTOR



The long lever produces the same result with less power, less effort. So, with the same power, the long-stroke motor produces greater speed and hill-climbing ability.

The 1911 Thomas Flyer—Better Than Ever

A wonderful improvement. A new era in automobile construction.

THE long stroke, large valve, six-cylinder motor, with the new 3-4 elliptic chrome vanadium springs, is a distinct boon to automobile owners. They are used in America *exclusively* in Thomas cars. In Europe the long stroke, large valve motor is used generally.

These features produce unquestionably the quietest, smoothest running and easiest riding car. Noise, jars, jerks and vibrations are eliminated.

Flexibility is doubled. The car gently bounds over crossings. Riding over the ruts and bumps of bad roads is a really pleasurable

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The Thomas car is pre-eminently the car for conservative people who love quiet, ease and comfort.

Six Cylinders

(No interval between impulses)

Increases flexibility over the four-cylinder by over 33½ per cent.

The greatest improvement since the change from two to four cylinders. All high-class cars *must* eventually adopt them.

Long Stroke Motor

(The long swinging stride)

Gives equal power with fewer revolutions.

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(Unobstructed respiration)

Give much more power and flexibility at low and high motor speeds.

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"I drove 265 miles through towns and over country roads and hills without once changing from high gear."

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"I think this car is unsurpassed in endurance, gracefulness and easy riding, and can do anything that any touring car manufactured can."

J. J. Nichols, Chicago, Ill.

"In the Thomas Flyer I have the most flexible and the most comfortable automobile to be had."

Christopher Strassheim, Sheriff, Cook County, Ill.

"Much pleased with the smoothness of its running. The engine is a great hill climber."

Geo. G. Genthner, Westboro, Mass.

"I think that in this car you have reached perfection in mechanical construction."

B. F. Thomas, Olean, N. Y.

"We thought we were making a mistake in getting so high priced a machine, but it has saved us more than the difference of cost on repairs."

Jacob Dold, Buffalo, N. Y.

"The Thomas 6-40 has given splendid satisfaction, and I am proud of it."

Elias Lyman, Burlington, Vt.

"This car has run 10,500 miles up to date. The car has been very satisfactory indeed."

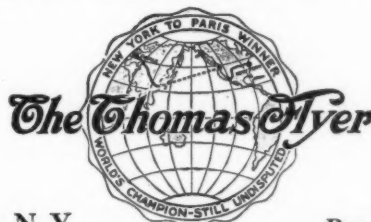
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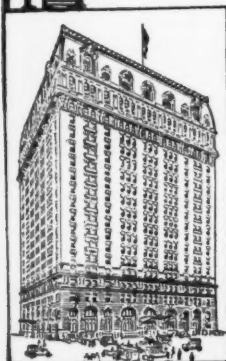
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Suites: \$10.00 to \$35.00 per day		
All rooms at \$5.00 or more are same price for one or two persons.		

Center of Chicago's Activities

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



No Need to Worry

"Captain, is there no way in which the ship may be saved?"
"None at all, sir. We are going to the bottom; but I would not worry about the ship, sir, if I were you—she is fully insured. You'd better find a life-belt."
—Wasp.

Empty Titles

William Jennings Bryan once joked about our American fondness for titles. "You all know of the colonel," he said, "who got his title by inheritance, having married Colonel Brown's widow? But once I met a general who got his title neither by inheritance, nor by service, nor by anything you could mention. 'General,' I said to him, 'how do you come by this title of yours, anyway?'
"Why, sir," said he, 'I passed my youth in the flour trade, and for twenty-seven years was a general miller.'
"I know another titled man, Judge Green.
"Are you, sir," I once asked him, 'a United States Judge or a Circuit Court Judge?'
"I ain't neither," he replied. 'I'm a judge of hoss racin'.
—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

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Design of back hemstitched linen, pat'd. Colors, red, blue, brown, green, 25c per pack. Gold edge, 35c. Dealers everywhere or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Send for Catalog of Bridge Accessories.
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contains 164 pages crammed full of stories, pictures of fish and game taken from life, and a lot more good stuff that will lure you pleasantly away from your everyday work and care to the healthful atmosphere of woods and fields, where you can smell the evergreens, hear the babble of the brook, and see at close range big game and small. Every number of this magazine contains valuable information about hunting, fishing and camping trips, where to go, what to take, etc. All this for 15c a copy, or with watch fob \$1.00 a year. We want you to see for yourself what the **National Sportsman** is and make you this

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K-C

THE home-staying season is here. A new rug makes a new room.

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Murray Hill Building
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Frightened Off

He stood in a Blackpool street, a tin box in his hand, inspecting the lodging houses on the opposite side. "Mrs. Gammill, late Mrs. Figgs, late Mrs. Crocker," he read from the front of one house. He picked up his box and walked rapidly away. "No blooming female Henry the Eighth for me," he said decisively.—*London Globe*.

Repentance

There was once a playwright who sat in the front row at the first night of a new piece of his own. This piece failed. It failed dreadfully. As the playwright sat, pale and sad, amid the hisses, a woman behind him leaned forward and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but, knowing you to be the author of this play, I took the liberty, at the beginning of the performance, of snipping off a lock of your hair. Allow me now to return it to you."

—*Tit-Bits*.

Caroni Bitters—The aristocrat of the trade. The best tonic and cocktail bitters.

Oct. C. Blache & Co., New York, Gen'l Distrib.

Perfect Agreement

The contributor wrote: "The inclosed are original and have never been published."

The editor answered: "I can quite believe it."—*Lippincott's*.

Couldn't Stand Exposure

The member of the legislature, of whom some graft stories had been circulated, was about to build a house.

"You will want a southern exposure, I suppose?" asked the architect.

"No, sir!" said the man. "If you can't build this house without any exposure, I'll get another architect."

—*Yonkers Statesman*.

White Rock

American Water for
American People

Here is an Interesting Game

Answers to the Pot-Pouri of Questions published on
Page 413 of last week's issue:

1. Chatterton.
2. Whittier.
3. Cromwell.
4. Mary of Scotland.
5. Elizabeth of England.
6. Mount Everest, in the Himalayas.
7. Southeastern France.
8. Byron.
9. American pioneer.
10. Charlotte Corday.
11. Burned-out volcanoes.
12. Sir Walter Scott.
13. Victoria Regina.
14. He ably ruled a province, and heroically gave his life to save those in peril of massacre and starvation.
15. Off Land's End, coast of Cornwall.
16. Lord Beaconsfield.
17. Saint Lawrence.
18. Alexander the Great.
19. The Unicorn.
20. The Duke of Alva.
21. Queen Mary I. of England.
22. Dean Swift.
23. Mohammed.
24. Dick Whittington.
25. A member of the Liberal Party.
26. A member of the Conservative Party.
27. King Arthur.
28. From Italy (Florence).
29. Pullman.
30. Smithfield, London.
31. Thackeray.
32. The Romans.
33. Saint Augustine.
34. Coronation Chair, Westminster Abbey.
35. Jacob.
36. Louis XI. of France.
37. Called.
38. Louis XIV. of France.
39. Condé.
40. Burbank.
41. Spain.
42. Ridley, Cranmer and Latimer.
43. Edward II. of England.
44. Blue Corn-flower.
45. Taught himself.
46. Bishop Seabury.
47. In Scotland.
48. Connecticut.
49. March fourth.
50. Eleanor, wife of Edward I. of England.

—M. C. S.

"Djer-Kiss"
PRONOUNCED "DEAR KISS"

J'offre en ce parfum exquis
mon chef-d'œuvre aux Américaines.
--Kerkoff, Paris

TRANSLATION: "In this exquisite perfume
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It Will Help You Through the Earning Years

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

"It saves the dip that distracts"

Although writing is a practice that one cultivates all his life, there had never been a notable step in improving the means for doing it until the invention of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. This pen effectively combines point, ink and holder into one implement, which is convenient and secure to carry in the pocket. Since its perfection, a quarter of a century ago, it has become the universally adopted writing equipment; it is used in schools and colleges as a part of education, and is adopted in commercial and social life as an absolute necessity. One Waterman's Ideal will last for years.

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Rhymed Reviews

The Crowds and the Veiled Woman

(By Marian Cox. Funk & Wagnalls
Company)

Convention's breath the spirit clouds
As mists envelope Lake Otsego.
True Genius must abjure the crowds
And calmly cultivate the Ego.

And since revealing Truth's the whole
Of any artist's high ambition,
The Painter should depict the Soul—
And that's a ticklish proposition.

To paint the Soul a man must find
A maiden bred in wondrous fashion,



A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowl-
edge of the whole truth
about self and sex and their
relation to life and health.
This knowledge does not
come intelligently of itself,
nor correctly from ordinary
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by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear,
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Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
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Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co., 711 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

The Woman Veiled, whose virgin mind
Has mirrored naught of Life or
Passion.

Young Gaspard, reared aloof, retired
From men, a soulful mollicoddle,
With all his artist heart desired
The Woman Veiled, to be his model.

Till wise Monsieur, his patron, passed
Beyond the Arctic's icy doorway
And found The Woman Veiled at last
In Greenland—no, I guess in Nor-
way.

She, born within a convent's shade
Had never left its iron keeping,
A pallid, frozen, silent maid
Whose vestal mind and soul were
sleeping.

Monsieur made haste and married her—
He loved her soul untaught, un-
tainted—
And back to Paris carried her
Where Gaspard set to work and
painted.

He painted her in golden light
Till—ah, mon Dieu! despair! con-
fusion!
He could not paint her eyes aright,
Their sombre depths, their vast il-
lusion.

Then further still she baffled him:
Toward love of Life her nature
tended;
The Soul within her eyes grew dim,
For Soul exists where Life is ended.

She died. He bared her eyes, and
there
Beheld—oh, scourge of search un-
lawful!—
This Truth: The Soul is just a stare
Which starts with Death! Now,
ain't that awful!

Again he gazed and knew apace
What bitter hate of him had filled
her:
Her eyes had photographed his face
To make folks think that he had
killed her!

Atrocious craft! The crown of lies,
To ruin one so young, so clever;
With gory thumbs he gouged her eyes
And rushed forth crazier than ever.

This hazy, crazy, phrasey tale
Is good in spots. Beyond all ques-
tion
The author's pensive soul is pale
With introspective indigestion.

Arthur Guiterman.

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From a Traveling Friend

DEAR LIFE:

Are you running low on subjects for special numbers? If so, why not a Traveling Men's Number? You know us, do you not? and we are quite well acquainted with you, and buy you week after week from our friends the News "Bunch." Incidentally, we laugh over you singly and ensemble when there is the slightest provocation.

We, who are the natural purveyors of good humor—the clearing-house of things amusing and cheering—the vast army of successful boosters for things good in life, and equally successful knockers of the things not so good, clamor for admission to your array of special material. Would advise, also, we are "agin" vivisection, especially the kind frequently practiced upon some of our able colleagues by our none too careful railroads.

Come on, LIFE, give us a Travelers' Number. Ask Simeon Ford what he thinks of us. Of course the hotel folks will say we're the rankest of kickers—merely because we do not crave damp sheets or an occasional fly in our coffee. The buyers will say that we are a public pest; but just the same many would die of ennui were it not for LIFE and us.

We travelers like you, LIFE, when you are funny. Your clever irony and your subtle sarcasm can't be beat, but when you are serious—well, only

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Hammer
of Thor, the



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This repeater, which is the latest Winchester product, has speed and power plus. It's speedy because, being reloaded by the recoil of the fired cartridge, it can be shot as fast as the trigger can be pulled. It's powerful because it handles a cartridge of the most modern type—one that strikes a blow of 2038 foot pounds. The knock-down, shocking power of this cartridge, with its heavy bullet of large diameter, driven with high velocity, is tremendous; and the combination of such power with the rapidity of fire which this rifle is capable of, makes it unusually desirable for hunting the biggest of big game. There is no rifle made which will deliver five as powerful blows in as few seconds as the Winchester Model 1910.

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yesterday, I, the writer, detected a gentleman of generous girth and Falstaffian face, no doubt endowed with the faculty of laughing as befits his face and figure, reading last week's issue without raising even a twinkle in his eye.

With very best wishes,

W. N. B.

5123 Fairmount Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo., August 8, 1910.

A Mild Rebuke from California

EDITOR OF LIFE,

New York:

DEAR SIR.—I fail to see the point in the letter addressed to Gen. Bombastes Furioso, or something like that. If the letter had been written in 1890 then it would be easy to see the point, but if written in 1910 it smells somewhat stale.

(Continued on page 450)



WRIGHT'S SILVER CREAM TRADE MARK

How does Your Silverware Look to your Guests?

Unless it is polished frequently, silver becomes dull and dark.

Your eye may become used to its dingy appearance, but your guests who keep their silver properly will get a bad impression of your housekeeping.

Washing in soapy water is not enough. Give a weekly application of *Wright's Silver Cream*. With little rubbing it will keep your silver as brilliant as when new.

Silver Cream is soft as flour, but possessing the remarkable quality of removing tarnish, dirt and stain from silver, gold, cut glass, (cleans the deepest and sharpest crevices), marble, etc. It contains nothing that can injure the silver or irritate the hands. Easy to use. Ready for use.

Ask your Dealer, but insist on getting the genuine *Wright's Silver Cream*

Seven thousand Jewelers, Grocers, Druggists and other dealers sell *Wright's Silver Cream* in large 25c. and 50c. jars. Send for our free sample of *Silver Cream*. If it does not prove the best silver polish you have ever used you are at least out nothing.

J. A. WRIGHT & CO.

180 Court Street, Keene, N. H.

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 449)

To make things clearer I will just give a few facts:

Chile, Argentina, Brazil and Paraguay have had internal and external peace for more than twenty years. Ecuador, Peru, Uruguay and Bolivia have had no revolutions in the last ten years, and only one for the ten years preceding. Colombia had its last civil war in 1903. Venezuela is the only South American country that once in a while beats the war drums, though usually it is nothing more than noise.

On the other hand, Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Haiti and Santo Domingo are always fighting. A look at the map will show that these countries are in North America—the writer of the letter that you inserted in your interesting and humorous weekly might have writ-

ten Central America and would not have missed it so wide, as he did most pitifully. Central America does not include the negro republics of Haiti and Santo Domingo.

Would you be so kind, Mr. Editor, to tell him next time to write *North America* instead of *South America*? or, rather, *Southern North America*? Then he will not miss the target, then he will not make such a shameful geographical error or most unaccountable anachronism—his joke would not be twenty or thirty years too old.

I am sorry, Mr. Editor, to take away your valuable time with what you may consider of such trifling importance and maybe you are right—I have made too much fuss about a mere joke.

Yours most sincerely,

JORGE VILLEGAS D.

BERKELEY, CAL., July 1, 1910.

What a Far Reaching Scheme

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Your notice of Professor Fisher, of the Committee of One Hundred on National Health, the mask of as ambitious a trust as the sugar, steel or oil people were ever estimated to be, prompts me to send to you under separate cover, some of my conclusions on four years' close trailing of this conspiracy. With a system of mineral and vaccinal and serum medicine which promotes disease, these gentlemen controlling a National Health Department could play the health market to their financial fancy. It would simply be in

their power to promote the public health for our benefit, or by so-called remedies now in use, keep the physician caste where it would be perpetuated in a sure financial foundation. If these so-called remedies are knocked out, much of our promoted disease will

(Continued on page 453)

Expose

Don't Miss It!

The Cook - Peary Controversy

Facts:

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of-War
"Levant"
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Lost in 1860.

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Ask your dealer for No. 201, a thin, fine black silk hose for evening wear, with black self-clocking. No. 113 and No. 122 for general wear, black only. No. 153, the only hose in America which can be furnished to match any sample.

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- Sept. 29. **Sky Number.** A Highflyer.
- Oct. 6. **Regular.** Containing Announcements of New Auto Models for 1911. Double circulation. Humor cooled. Detachable wisdom. Ignited by torpedo joke system. Poetic base. Capacity for a million readers. Fully insured against worry.
- Oct. 13. **Plumage.** Another concession to mere woman.
- Oct. 27. **Witches'.** A shuddering symphony in circumambient shivers.
- Nov. 3. **Thanksgiving.** Wonder if we will ever get away from this inevitable Thanksgiving number? Only a kind Providence and friendly government permit this outrage.
- Nov. 10. **Horse Show.** Another inevitable annual. The advertising department is responsible for this.
- Nov. 17. We are debating whether to issue that already famous humorous number right here. It's too serious a matter to decide offhand. Will let you know a little later.



The Furbelow Number

DATED SEPT. 22

We are issuing this number as a sort of antidote to the present one. (Not that we take anything back. Never! But merely to show that we are broad minded enough to issue two woman's numbers to one man's.)

Shall we describe the contents of this number? After mature deliberation we have decided not to give away any of its secrets, consisting as they do of marvellously meritorious and multiplying manifestations of wit, wisdom, humor, cheer—rippling with revelry, radiant with rollicking and redundant raciness. Besides, we don't just happen yet to know what is going into it. That's one of the reasons why we are confident it is going to be so good; for at the last moment all the ideas in the world then on top will come sweeping in, and with one fell swoop we shall gather them together and put them all in this number.

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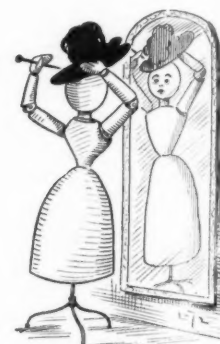
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From Our Readers

(Continued from page 450)

disappear, natural resistance will increase and the physicians will be fewer in number and of much less importance. In "The Conspiracy Against the Public Health" you will find a sort of correspondence with this Professor Fisher, Dr. Simmons, secretary of the American Medical Association and Mr. Edward Bok, of *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

None of these gentlemen favored an investigation as indicated by questions on page 42. To my mind that shows they only favor a National Health Department for what Yale (Professor Fisher's school) and the American Medical Association and other allied

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interests can get out of it in political power and appropriations. It is a graft scheme for power and money, pure and simple. When this system of medicine, defiant of scriptural or herbal medicine, and which of itself lowers man's resistance to disease is knocked out it will carry with it a lot of germ theory. We must remember that the germicide which will destroy the fighting or destructive (Jack Johnson) germ, may be much harder on what scientists call the benevolent (or parson or philanthropist) germ. If the benevolent germ goes to destruction with the destructive germ we have in our too obvious high susceptibility to disease just such logical conditions naturally to be expected.

This medical interest, through its system of practice, has got itself into its present dilemma. It cannot further proceed on its present system without stultification, being now unable to cope with conditions which if the science it claims should be able to keep within bounds, and it cannot about face on its practice without stultification; being an acknowledgment of failure. To defeat its scheme to grasp power and money through a National Health Department will be a victory for the people, which if they could conceive



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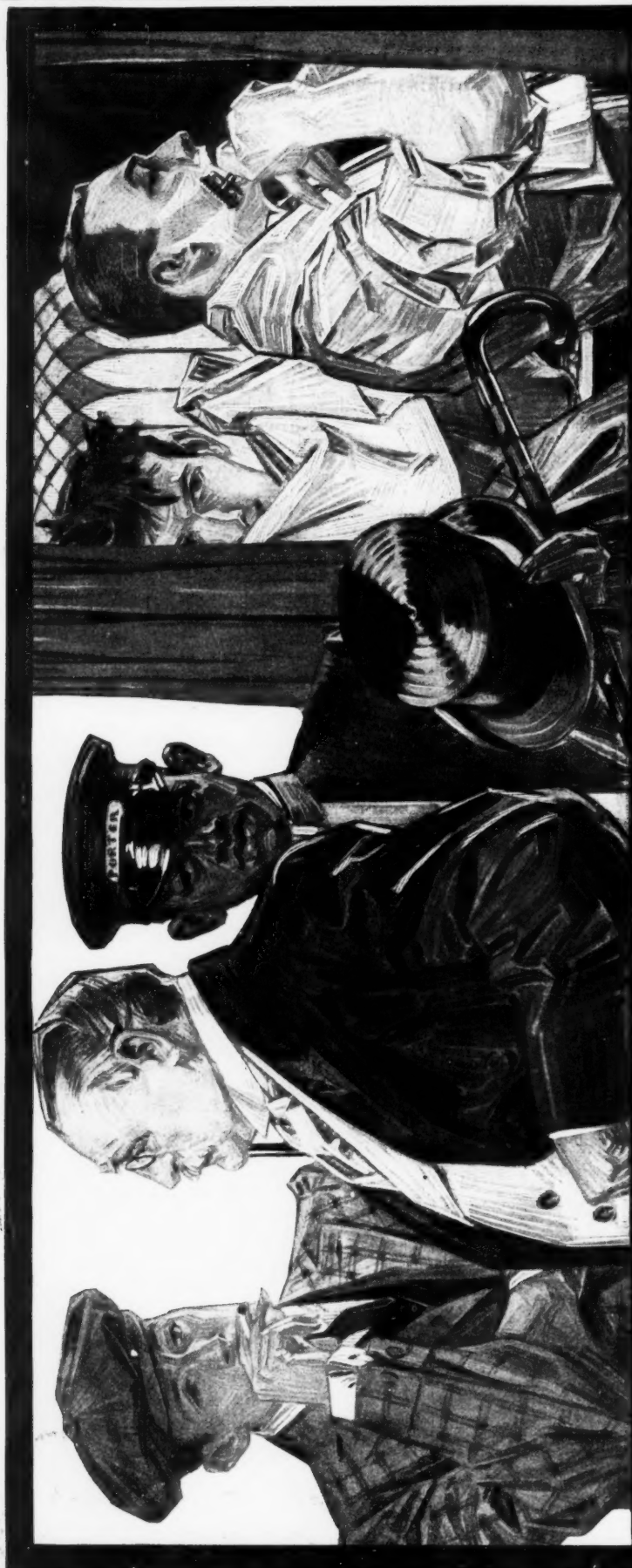
C. A. SHALER,
1102 4th St.,
Waupun, - Wis.

and measure would be simply astounding and stupefying.

They do not dream how much of their misery is directly chargeable to this medical trust; their organizer, Dr. McCormack, seems to estimate it at one-third of the sickness and deaths each year; the average physician is through threatened proscription, practically a prisoner, unable effectually to register the protest which thousands of them feel.

The National Department of Health plank in the Republican National platform, through the efforts of Roosevelt and Taft, would cost those men dearly in public esteem if the people grasped the full significance of its being there. When the medical facts are known

(Continued on page 455)



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From Our Readers

(Continued from page 453)

there will be no excuses these gentlemen can make to the people for advocating this department for this interest, and ignoring the precautions for investigation after protest, which will be accepted. Respectfully,

M. H. WILCOXON.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK., July 27, 1910.

Carrier No. 4.

Acknowledgments

Letters from friends and critics are always welcome at LIFE'S office, but owing to lack of space, or because the same subject has been already treated, or for other reasons, many communications are omitted. Letters from the following correspondents have been received since last going to press:

Carl McCullough, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Harvey Brooks, Los Angeles, Cal.

A. Mendoza, New York.

Maurice H. Dowell, Luling, Texas.

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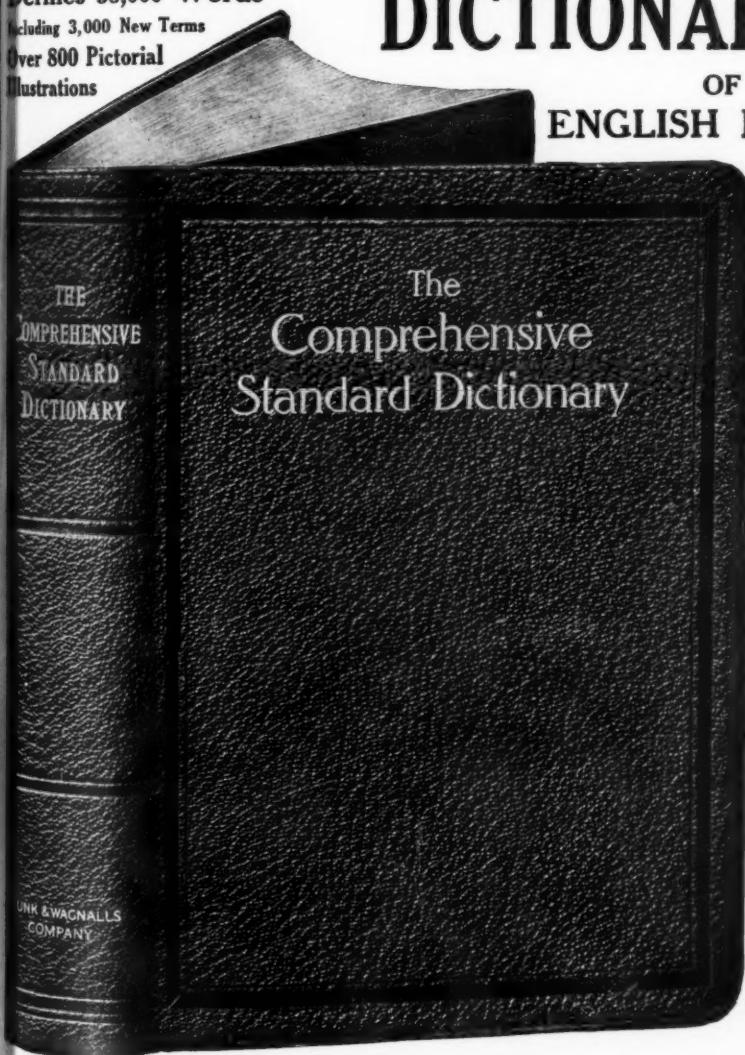
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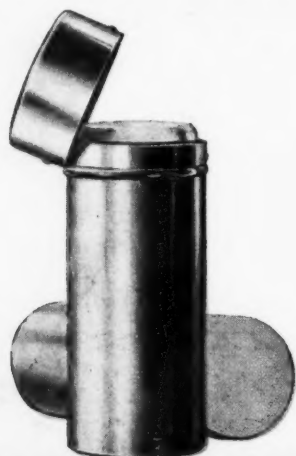
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